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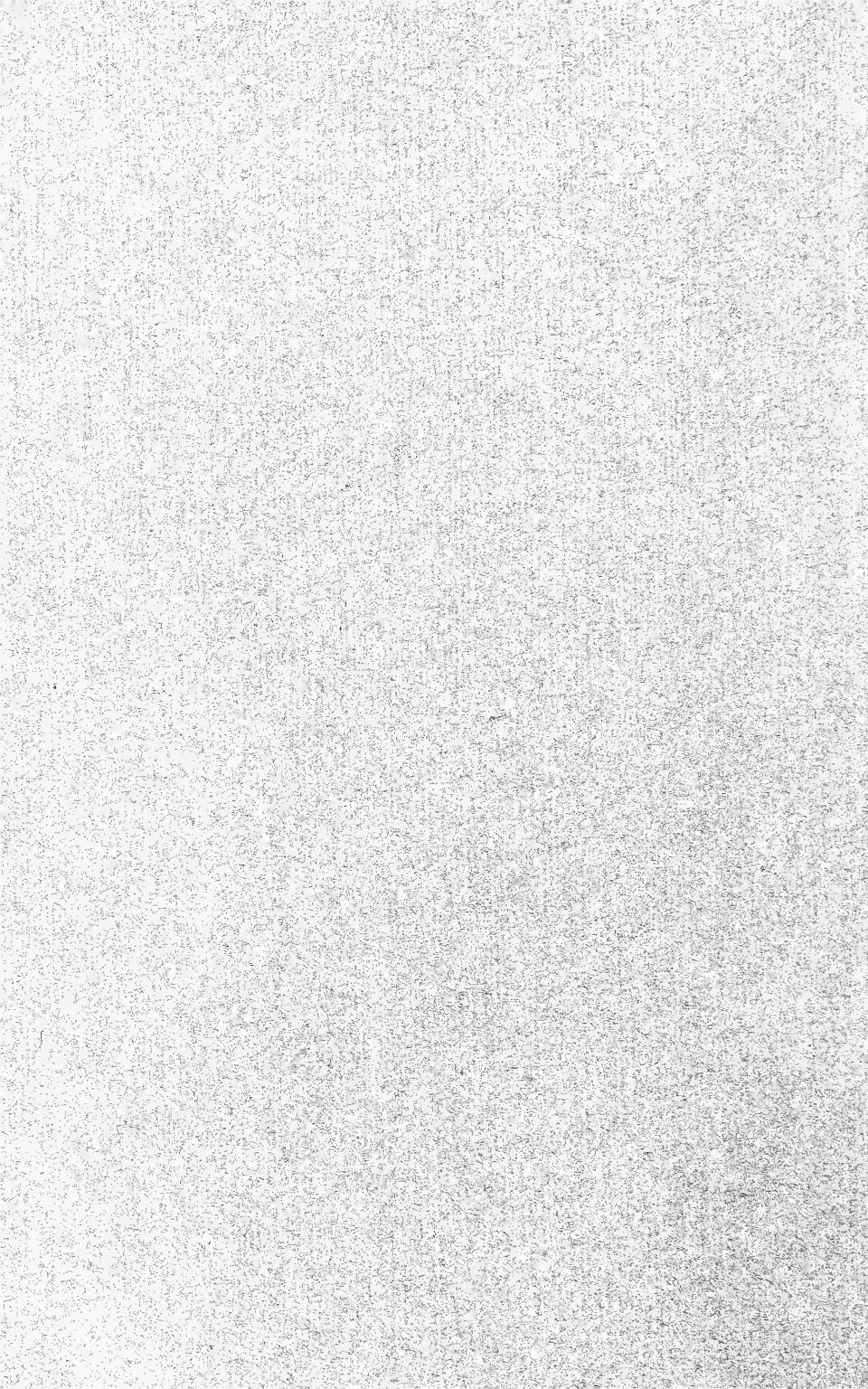
PRESENTED BY

A Souvenir of the

Dr. Hyde
Banquet



Held in the Palace Hotel, in the
City of San Francisco
February Twenty-first
1906



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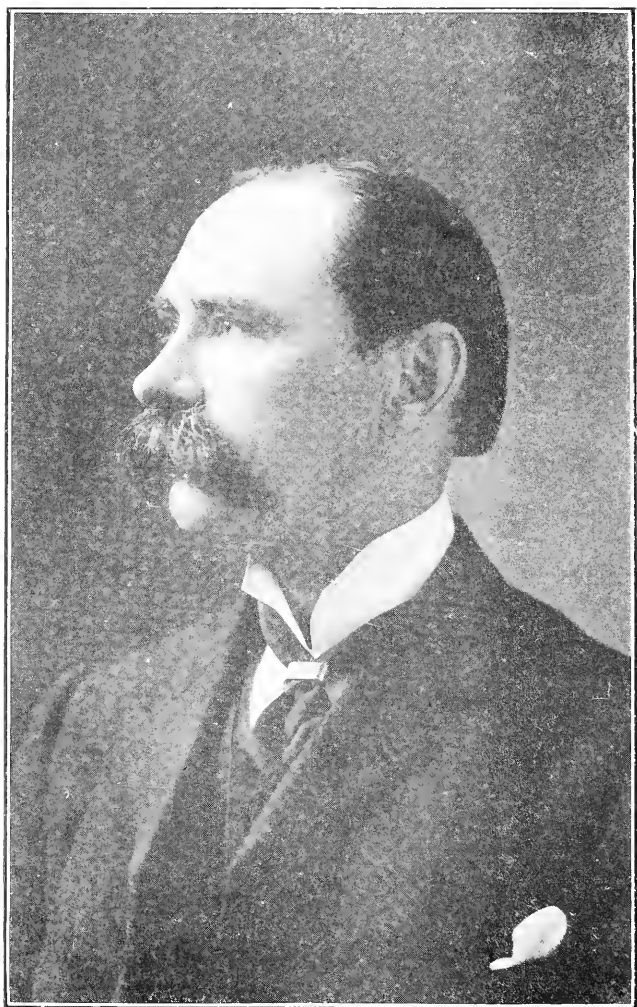
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DR. DOUGLAS HYDE BANQUET

JUDGE JAMES V. COFFEY.....Chairman and Toastmaster

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DR. DOUGLAS HYDE

| | | |
|---|---------------------------|---|
|  | <h2>Dr. Hyde Banquet</h2> |  |
|---|---------------------------|---|

The banquet given to Dr. Douglas Hyde at the Palace Hotel, Wednesday evening, February 21, 1906, was the most brilliant social gathering ever held in San Francisco. Nearly five hundred guests, distinguished in all professions and stations of life, attended. Class, creed and politics were laid aside for the occasion, and in consequence the banquet will live forever in San Francisco's history as the most sincere tribute paid to the representative of a vital, noble and influential movement. It was eight o'clock when the guests formed in line and marched to the spacious banquet hall, where myriads of electric lights and decorations of flowers and Irish and American flags transformed the place into a veritable fairyland.

Marquardt's orchestra occupied a position on a raised platform at the end of the banquet hall and discoursed patriotic airs. The harp solos of Mme. Alexandra Marquardt were especially well received.

Judge James V. Coffey acted as toastmaster. His introductions of the different speakers of the evening were full of witty sayings, and he kept his auditors in a pleasant frame of mind. The following toasts were responded to:

"Our Guest," Dr. Douglas Hyde; "Civil and Religious Liberty," the Most Rev. Archbishop Montgomery; "The United States," Hon. James D. Phelan; "The State of California," Hon. George C. Pardee; "The City of San Francisco," Hon. Eugene E. Schmitz; "The Judiciary,"

sláinti — TOASTS.

Chairman

Fallfae olig' do élaioí go cumáctad,
Seáfaí i dtéanntaí fann a' fion-las,
'S caitefaí an téann beic ceannra naona,
Caitefaí an neart do'n deart go ríriocad.

The Midnight Court.

Δ ἔρσοισιν ἀοισιν ἀλυσιν οἷς
 ἢ ἔσταν το ἔροιδε, ἢ ἔσταν το ῥόγ;
 μο ἔσταν ἔσταν μὲν ἔσταν ῥόγ το ῥό,
 'ἔσταν ῥόγ το ἔσταν ἀλυσιν, ῥόγ.

An Crasibhin.

Civil and Religious Liberty

D'a bpiḡ rin tuḡaiḡ oo čaerap na neite ir
 le čaerap aḡur tuḡaiḡ oo ōia na neite ir le-
 ōia.

Naomh Matha xxii.

The United States

Forcero iarrin ingarale inorimór.
Conaccar eclairmbic agur oún ano.
Senoir cleig leir tranoeclair.
Inconaircir maelouin oó:
"Can ouit l" ol re.

"Meirre an coiced per véc oi muincir
brenaino bíppa.
Doveacnomar oíar nailithiu ipinnocian
Connotappla iraninorire."

The Voyage of Maelduin.

The State of California

'Sí 'n típ ar doibne ar bít le páisil,
an típ 'r mó cáil anoir fá'n ngréin,
na craimn as cromaib le coraib a'r bláit
ar ouilleabhar as fár go bárr na ngeus.

The Lay of Oisian.

City of San Francisco

CIA AN TUN PIGDHA, NO BREAGH,
 AG FÓR IR DÍLUE O' A BREACA FUIL,
 'NA BFULMÍO AG CRIALL 'NA DÁIL,
 NO CIA IR ÁRO-FLAIC ÓR AN TUN?

The Lay of Oisian.

HON. W. H. BEATTY

The Judiciary

ní cúirt gan áic, gan peacé, gan puagail i,
ná cúirt na gceadé mar éleacé ca niam i,
an cúirt ro gluair ó fhuaisíte réime,
áic cúirt na ceapag, na mbuac 'r na mbéite.

The Midnight Court.

HON. FRANK J. SULLIVAN

The Evils of Erin

ir ruar i an faot oim, ceapad-la mára
éire mo mhúinín, plán leac go bpáic,
agur mife ag epiall anonn ear an epiále,
anonn ear an epiále, mo épead l mo épad!
ó cá mé ag epiall uair, a mhúinín síleor,
beannacé agur fide oir, a phinn óm' épióir 'reig.
beannacé oir go buan, óc l beannacé agur míle,
's éire 'r a mhúinín plán leac go bpáic.

An Craoibhín.

JOHN McNAUGHT

The Press

niop cómpáic leamair ná vubarcam bpéige é,
ná vubairc bean liom go vubairc bean léi é.

The Midnight Court.

DR. BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

A People's Heritage

ir é veip raotár páipuis éadóm,
a'r léip-gné léigadma váim' a'r naomh.
ir é veip méim na gcáic-ban min—
go maipir ór n'gaicéilg plán l

Dermot O'Foley.

THE VERY REV. JOHN P. FRIEDEN, S. J.

Gaelic in the Colleges

ag feadóg an epléibe vo éualaid mé i'gent
go gcuipirítear an faotál a n-áipre,
luic éapla raol éad a'r raol náipe go veó,
agur romar a'r rós ór ór gcáipre.

An Craoibhín.

MICHAEL O'MAHONY

Fáilce do'n Éiríocháin

annr an aipre-ceangair bi ag bap agur raol
cuipim páipáib-re na raol míle fáilce,
noim mór agur beag, poim ag agur rean,
noim reap agur bean agur páipce.

An Craoibhín.

THE REV. F. W. CLAMPETT, D. D.

Remarks

mo lám vuir, a bpáicir ir epiéine,
le fáigad ceann céic, mar ir cóir;
'gur cabair oam vo lám, mar an gceutón,
éad fáigé le fáda go leop.

Fadrait.

THE REV P. C. YORKE

Ireland a Nation

niagail éipeannad in éipinn,
sin an focal 'r mílir linn
focal a bfuil éipeacé géar ann
focal bpiógmar, focal binn.

An Craoibhín.

7RL

Hon. W. H. Beatty; "The Exiles of Erin," Hon. Frank J. Sullivan; "The Press," John McNaught; "A People's Heritage," Dr. Benjamin I. Wheeler; "Gaelic in the Colleges," the Very Rev. John P. Frieden, S. J.; "Failte do'n Craoibhin," Michael O'Mahony; remarks, the Rev. F. W. Clampett, D. D.; "Ireland a Nation," the Rev. P. C. Yorke.

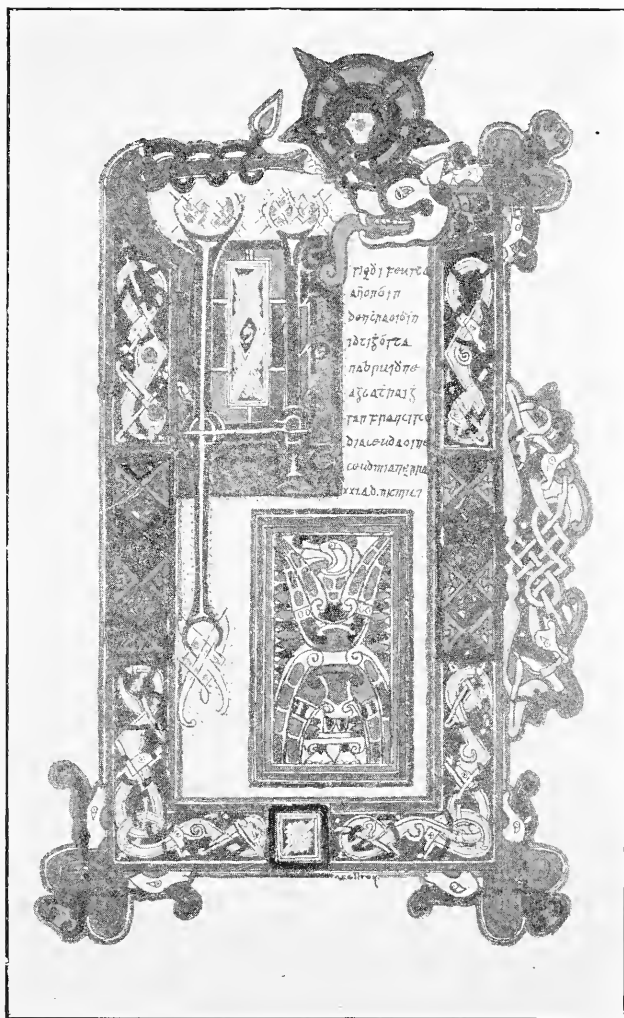
Following was the musical program: "Star Spangled Banner"; "Selection of Irish Melodies"; "Pilgrim Chorus and Song to the Evening Star, from Tannhauser"; valse, "Erie go Brath"; grand fantasie, "Bohemian Girl"; valse, "Primrose"; selection, "Salute to Erin"; "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms"; "The Wearing of the Green"; march, "The Irish-American."

The menu, printed both in Gaelic and English, read as follows:

Here beginneth the banquet in honor of Dr. Douglas Hyde, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Wednesday, February 21, 1906.

MENU.

| | | |
|------------------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| | Blue Points on the Half Shell | |
| | Hodge Podge, Dublin Style | |
| Radishes | Olives | Celery |
| | Mont Rouge Sauterne | |
| | Tournedos of Striped Bass, a la Belgrade | |
| | Potato Fines Herbes | |
| | Mont Rouge Zinfandel | |
| Larded Filet of Beef, a la Cremone | | |
| | Bouche of Chicken, a la Fontenoy | |
| | Roast Squab, Giblet Sauce | |
| | Punch Eire go Brath | |
| | Green Peas | |
| | Biscuit Hibernia | |
| | Assorted Fancy Cakes | |
| | Demi Tasse | |
| | Pommery Sec | |
| Apollinaris Water | | Cigars and Cigarettes |



FACSIMILE OF COVER OF MENU

The guests present were:

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| L. Ahern | M. W. Coffey |
| Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S. S. | E. H. Coleman |
| John J. Barrett | Rev. M. Coleman |
| John P. Barrett | M. J. Conboy |
| Chas. Beardsley | James Concannon |
| Rev. Bro. Benedict | Rev. M. J. Concannon |
| Hon. W. H. Beatty | T. A. Connelly |
| Chas. A. Bantel | J. A. Cooper |
| Rev. Bro. Bernard | R. B. Coreoran, U. S. A. |
| Theodore F. Bonnet | W. J. Cornell |
| Thomas F. Boyle | Frank J. Costello |
| Rev. Philip Byrne | E. H. Cosgriff |
| Rev. P. F. Brady | Carl Crantz |
| James E. Britt, Sr. | W. H. Crim |
| William Broderick | P. J. Crowe |
| Rev. Thomas J. Brennan | Rev. T. Caraher |
| W. J. Brady | Rev. Wm. Cleary |
| O. E. Brady | J. B. Crowley |
| Rev. P. D. Brady | Wm. Cronan |
| D. M. Brereton | T. J. Crowley |
| E. P. Brinegar | John Caffrey |
| Dr. C. F. Buckley | P. Campion |
| R. Bunton | John B. Casserly |
| John Burns | Frank C. Cleary |
| Rev. W. J. Butler | Bryan J. Clinch |
| Rev. J. A. Butler | William Cluff |
| Jos. Byrne | A. Comte, Jr. |
| W. J. Byrne | Thomas Connolly |
| Geo. H. Cabaniss | Judge Charles T. Conlan |
| Edward F. Cahill | John P. Coghlan |
| James J. Caniffe | I. Cohen |
| T. J. Cannon | D. E. Collins |
| Rev. B. Cantillon | M. P. Corridan |
| Rev. John Cantwell | D. J. Costello |
| C. J. Carroll | Frank Costello |
| Michael Casey | James M. Costello |
| Rev. F. W. Clampett | H. H. Cosgriff |
| George Clarkson | Stephen V. Costello |
| R. M. Clarkson | J. Corley, |
| John Clifford | Rev. John J. Cullen |
| Hon. James V. Coffey | Eustace Cullinan |
| Rev. M. J. Clifford | Rev. P. J. Cummins |
| W. R. Christy | Michael Cudahy |
| Edward I. Coffey | John Cunningham |
| Jeremiah V. Coffey | William Curlett |

P. J. Curtis
 James S. Cussen
 Judge Daniels
 Rees P. Daniels
 W. E. Dargie
 J. B. Davitt
 John F. Davis
 Jeremiah Deasy
 Jeremiah Deneen
 Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn
 Norman D'Evelyn
 Walter J. Demartini
 James N. De Succa
 J. P. Dignan
 Hugh Dimond
 Dr. E. F. Donnelly
 Thomas Doyle
 Judge F. H. Dunne
 Lawrence Dunnigan
 Thomas I. Dillon
 Rev. J. J. Dollard
 Rev. L. P. Donleavy
 Thomas Donnelly
 M. Donohoe
 Patrick Donohoe
 R. P. Doolan
 James Donovan
 Frank S. Drady
 Frank C. Drew
 John S. Drew
 John S. Drum
 James B. Duggan
 John B. Duggan
 Thomas E. Dunn
 James P. Dunne
 Peter F. Dunne
 M. H. De Young
 Charles Edelman
 W. J. Egan
 Rev. J. H. Ellis
 James English
 J. A. Farrelly
 Charles W. Fay
 James B. Feehan
 Rev. P. J. Fisher
 Hon A. G. Fisk
 Captain T. Fitzgerald

John G. Fitzgerald
 C. B. Flanagan
 J. W. Flynn
 John T. Fogarty
 H. Forsland
 Tirey L. Ford
 Very Rev. John P. Frieden
 John F. Farley
 J. P. Fennell
 Martin Fennell
 James S. Fennell
 Robert Ferral
 Thomas F. Finn
 Charles Fisher
 John E. Fitzpatrick
 R. M. Fitzgerald
 T. I. Fitzpatrick
 Dr. G. J. Fitzgibbon
 P. H. Flynn
 Dr. M. J. Fottrell
 P. Furlong
 George E. Gallagher
 Dr. J. J. Gallagher
 Rev. P. J. Gallagher
 Dr. John Gallwey
 Dr. Thomas Galvan
 Rev. James J. Gannon
 Prof. C. M. Gayley
 Dr. J. F. Gibbon
 James Gilmartin
 John G. Gilmartin
 Dr. A. H. Giannini
 William P. Glynn
 J. Goldstein
 I. Golden
 Judge Thomas F. Graham
 John Grant
 Joseph E. Green
 Captain H. P. Gleason
 Rev. R. A. Gleeson, S. J.
 J. B. Hagerty
 L. A. Hannon
 J. Downey Harvey
 Wm. Greer Harrison
 M. C. Hassett
 Francis J. Heney
 Dr. Joseph W. Henry

M. J. Hession
 Thomas P. Hogan
 Rev. Thomas E. Horgan
 John Horgan
 Rev. T. W. Horgan
 M. K. Hogan
 Rev. P. Horan
 Samuel Horton
 M. H. Howard
 Louis M. Hoefler
 R. P. Hoee
 Dr. W. B. Howard
 John H. Hughes
 William F. Humphrey
 Rev. Ralph Hunt
 James Hurley
 Marcus A. Jackson
 Dr. David Starr Jordan
 William Judge
 R. P. Kavanagh
 P. J. G. Kenna
 Rev. R. E. Kenna, S. J.
 P. J. Kennedy
 A. Kains
 George B. Keane
 Rev. P. J. Keane
 F. S. Kelly
 M. H. Kelly
 Thos. W. Kelly
 H. M. Kelly
 Alex S. Keenan, M. D.
 Phil. J. Kennedy
 Rev. James Kiely
 Rev. M. Kennedy
 Daniel F. Keefe
 F. J. Kierce
 Joseph King
 Paul F. Kingston
 Joseph F. Kirby
 Marcellus Krigbaum
 Theo. Kitka
 Martin Lacy
 Wm. H. Langdon
 D. J. Lally
 Charles S. Laumeister
 Philip J. Lawler
 W. P. Lawlor

John Lee
 E. J. Livernash
 W. H. Leahy
 Edward P. Luby
 J. A. Lennon
 Dr. A. T. Leonard
 Rabbi Meyer S. Levy
 Rev. Brother Lewis
 T. F. Lonergan
 Percy V. Long
 Judge W. G. Lorigan
 Andrew Lynch
 Rev. P. R. Lynch
 John C. Lynch
 Rev. W. Lyons
 Thomas Magee, Jr.
 Dr. Maher
 Major Frank Mahon
 Most Rev. Geo. Montgomery, D.D.
 D. M. Moran
 E. F. Moran
 Judge W. W. Morrow
 Rev. James Melvin
 T. J. Mellott
 T. J. Moynihan
 Conor Murphy
 M. Mullany
 J. Mulhern
 Thornwell Mullally
 Hubert Murray
 Jeremiah Mahoney
 C. A. Moraghan
 Dr. T. H. Morris
 H. I. Mulerevy
 F. J. Murasky
 Frank P. McCann
 Owen McCann
 Dr. Charles J. McCarthy
 Denis McCarthy
 J. W. McCarthy
 T. D. McCarthy
 E. McCoy
 J. S. McCormick
 J. T. McCormick
 A. B. McCreery
 Edward McDevitt
 Joseph T. McDevitt

P. A. McDonald
 J. E. McElroy
 Garret W. McEnerney
 W. B. McGerry
 Dr. C. D. McGettigan
 Chas. J. McGlynn
 Stephen McGurk
 John D. McGilvray
 Rev. P. McHugh
 Owen McHugh
 Peter McHugh
 Jos. McKenna
 Benjamin L. McKinley
 Hugh McLoughlin
 John McLaren
 Rev. C. A. McMahon
 L. J. McMahon
 Gavin McNab
 Rev. J. J. McNally
 D. R. McNeill
 John McNaught
 Dr. W. F. McNutt
 James C. Nealon
 Arthur Nolan
 Rabbi Jacob Nieto
 Rev. J. F. Nugent
 Rev. T. Oullahan
 Dr. A. P. O'Brien
 J. F. O'Brien
 J. J. O'Brien
 T. J. O'Brien
 Thomas V. O'Brien
 J. J. O'Connor
 Dr. J. H. O'Connor
 M. E. O'Connor
 Thomas M. O'Connor
 R. C. O'Connor
 Dr. M. W. O'Connell
 M. O'Dea, Jr.
 Anthony O'Donnell
 James E. O'Donnell
 Dr. A. A. O'Neill
 Thomas F. O'Neill
 Dr. F. R. Orella
 D. O'Sullivan
 Laurence O'Toole
 J. C. O'Connor

Joseph O'Connor
 Rev. D. O'Sullivan
 Rev. E. O'Sullivan
 John J. O'Connor
 Rev. Philip O'Ryan
 Joseph P. O'Ryan
 D. J. O'Leary
 R. O'Driscoll
 Michael O'Mahony
 D. Oliver, Jr.
 Rev. T. Phillips
 Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast
 Hon. Geo. C. Pardee
 Hon. James D. Phelan
 Rev. John Power
 Thomas Price
 F. L. Pritchard
 J. C. Quinn
 R. E. Queen
 John C. Quinlan
 Rev. P. J. Quinn
 Rev. M. P. Ryan
 Dr. D. F. Ragan
 Thomas Reagan
 Charles Wesley Reed
 Louis Renard
 Allen Robinson
 J. D. Rountree
 A. Ruef
 Pierce Rayborg
 W. J. Ruddick
 Judge A. A. Sanderson
 A. Sbarboro
 W. D. Shea
 Geo. D. Shadburne
 Frank Shay
 Frank T. Shea
 James Shea
 P. Sheridan
 Judge Edward P. Shortall
 Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge
 Charles Sonntag
 W. F. Stafford
 Rev. James Stokes
 J. M. Sullivan
 John T. Sullivan
 Chas. A. Sullivan

James Smith
Hon. E. E. Schmitz
Hon. Frank J. Sullivan
Judge M. C. Sloss
Professor Schilling
Judge J. F. Sullivan
Rev. W. P. Sullivan
Frank Sullivan
Dr. J. W. Smith
B. J. Sylver
J. J. Tobin
Joseph I. Twohig
Dr. E. R. Taylor
Joseph S. Tobin
E. P. E. Troy
Robert J. Vance
Judge John J. Von Nostrand
Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger
Rev. Brother Vellesian
W. C. Watson
Charles W. Welch
R. J. Welch
Wm. J. Wynn
Max Weisenhutter
Thomas J. Walsh
Rev. M. J. Walsh
J. M. Walsh
Jos. J. Walsh
L. F. Walsh

James Wrenn
John A. Wright
Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler
Fairfax H. Wheelan
Richard E. White
William E. White
Rev. H. H. Wyman
Rev. P. C. Yorke
John P. Young
Rev. Bro. Xenophon
Rev. P. S. Casey
Rev. P. E. Mulligan
Rev. P. T. Moynihan
Brother Vivian
Brother Felan
M. Longhurst
R. M. Clarken
Charles J. Heggerty
J. Weller
J. H. Coleman
Dr. J. G. Morrissey
Fred. M. Bishop
Mario Forno
James A. Bacigalupi
John Ivancovich
Col. James E. Power
Amadeo Giannini
Emmet P. McCarthy

Following are the toasts and the introductions complete, as given at the Dr. Douglas Hyde banquet at the Palace Hotel, February 21, 1906:

JUDGE J. V. COFFEY, Toastmaster.

To powerfully overthrow the laziness of the Law;
To stand by the weak and feeble in their hour of distress;
And the stout one must become (before him) gentle and humane,
And might must submit to this man's right.

[This is a pun on the word "must," which is also "Coffey."]

It is not the purpose nor the province of your chairman to indulge in extended remarks. It is his duty simply to act as a sort of moderator, to control the ardent spirits of the Celts, without imbibing any too much himself.

We are here to-night to extend to our guest of honor a genuine California Ceud Mile Failte and congratulate him on the success of his mission thus far in America.

Around these tables are gathered representative men, irrespective of race or creed, all by love combined, to greet in hospitable intercourse, the founder of the Gaelic League, who is here to enlighten us as to the meaning and scope of the Celtic revival.

His mission has been faithfully executed, and it has been one of an arduous nature.

It has been no easy task to instruct our people in the principles of which he is the embodiment. He has responded to the necessity of diffusing information concerning a misunderstood movement, which now, thanks to the clearness of his exposition, is appreciated in America as one of universal interest and importance.

He has shown us that it is not a political movement, in no way interfering with the laudable endeavors of those



HON. JAMES V. COFFEY

who are engaged in securing the rights of his countrymen to their self-government, but co-operating collaterally with them.

It is ethical, educational, intellectual, industrial, national in the broadest sense, for as a nation's life is in her language, the revival of its study and the intelligent and persevering zeal of its promoters afford ground for faith in the restoration of Ireland's national individuality.

The Gaelic tongue is the natural vehicle of expression for many thousands of Irish people; entire sections of the country, particularly in the extreme west and the south, in the mountains and along the coast, speak no other language than that transmitted orally in its purity from remote generations when it was the repository of the learning of the schools and the source of an erudite literature.

In attempting the conquest of a country, a primary design is to destroy the language of its people. Once this is accomplished, the rest is easy, but, owing to the Gaelic League, there is prospect that this purpose shall be frustrated.

It has been said that this movement was a sentimental, not a practical one. It is both. Necessarily every practical movement originates in sentiment. It was sentiment that started the Revolutionary fires in America, and enabled us to be here to-night on the eve of a great anniversary.

Sentiment is strong with the Irish, and it is good that it is so; it inspires them to do and to endure; it is the poetry in their veins that makes this unique people so patient, persistent, and persevering, in spite of privations and trials that would produce despair in a less sentimental

race. They love their land and want to abide in it, and one of the means by which that aspiration shall be realized is the success of the Gaelic League.

The Irish people are, as all the world should know, hospitable and cordial to the point of prodigality.

Everywhere one finds kindness and cheerful courtesy, combined with self-respect and spirit.

No matter how poor and lowly, the Irish have a manly sense of personal character and pride that betokens capacity to enjoy that freedom to which they aspire and for which they are fitting themselves and their children by diligent application and self-denial.

It is claimed for the Irish that they were the fosters of classical as well as common instruction when their neighboring islands were in the arrears of civilization, and certainly there is abundant evidence preserved in the archives of antiquities in the national museums to support their pretensions. The ancient documents and muniments of title to consideration in this respect are as numerous as they are curious and interesting, not only to the antiquary, but to all who appreciate these rare relics of a race that treasures the testimonies of the times when Ireland was an independent nation, the center of liberal science and fine arts, and the abode of many forms of industrial activity, being rich in natural resources and blessed with a fruitful soil and a prosperous population.

In the process of centuries of oppression and persecution conditions changed; poverty became the portion of the people, and their opportunities for education were diminished, but their desire was never destroyed.

No matter how grievous their burden of enforced



BANQUET SCENE

ignorance, their appetite for knowledge has been ever acute.

No one who has studied the Irish character closely can doubt their innate competency to manage their own affairs; their faculty for governing others has been illustrated in many foreign lands, and it cannot rationally be disputed that intellectually and morally they have the genius as they should have the power of self-government. With their land and their language restored, they may be allowed to stand alone to demonstrate their self-sustaining ability.

With this accomplishment, Ireland shall no longer be the "Niobe of nations," "all tears," but standing erect, with joyous countenance, radiant with hope, facing the future full of promise for a redeemed and regenerated nationality.

It is a far cry from the Golden Gate to the Cove of Cork, but when our guest returns across the continent and over the farther ocean, he will bear a message and a token of substantial recognition from the people of the Pacific Coast of their interest in the cause of which he is the foremost exponent and evangel.

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

Delightful, handsome, youthful boy,
Broad is thy heart and pleasant is thy kiss;
My grief that I cannot be beside you forever,
And, my darling, may you go in safety.

[After preface in the Gaelic language.]

Gentlemen—I have learned much from my friend (Judge Coffey's) speech. I have learned one thing that I never heard before, that the Governor of South Carolina

was guilty of two sentences. Gentlemen, up to this moment I was only conscious of the one, and, that I may emphasize it, allow me to drink to the health of my host to-night.

Now, the Judge was kind enough to give his own translation of that Irish poem, which every man of Irish birth who is here to-night ought to be able to read for himself. But the Judge was modest. He passed over the verse addressed to himself. He will allow me to read it. Now, the meaning of that is—Judge, do not blush—“To powerfully overthrow the laziness of the law”—that is good—“to stand by the weak and feeble in the hour of their distress; the stout man must become gentle and human in his presence; and might must submit to this man’s right.”

I think the upright man has never been better pictured in literature; and I tell you what, the Irish nation possesses a literature second to none; and when you see these apposite quotations translated into to-morrow’s press, if they are translated there, you will know what the literature is that was able to get so apposite a quotation for each of the toasts to-night.

I can hardly express my feelings when I look around upon the guests at this enormous banquet, my hosts. I really am without words to express my feeling of the unique honor that you have paid me; and I accept it, gentlemen, not as any tribute to me personally, unworthy as I am, but I accept it as your tribute to the cause of an Irish Ireland. That is our gospel. I accept it as a tribute paid in my person to the men and women, my colleagues, that I have left behind me in Ireland undergoing the burden and the heat of the day—men and women striving

to realize the ideals of every true Irishman, "Ireland a Nation once again."

I have now traveled through about forty cities of the United States, and wherever I have gone I have preached the same gospel. Archbishop Montgomery here preaches his same Gospel at every altar, wherever he may be. But in no city that I have visited have I met so kindly a greeting, have I met such Irish feelings, or have I met such sympathetic Irishmen as in San Francisco. But, gentlemen, I will tell you the truth, I expected it. I have always understood that this is pre-eminently the spot in all America where the Irish race had a fair look-in with other races. And I have never wavered for one moment in my belief that where Irishmen get a fair look-in with other races, when other races come to the top, the Irishmen will be there before them.

So, gentlemen, I expected that you would have impressed upon this city the marks of your face, the marks of your kindness, the marks of your civilization, and such a civilization as the Irishman has had.

Gentlemen, your ancestors, our ancestors, were men who for generations possessed the only civilization in Europe. It was your ancestors and our ancestors who sowed the seeds in every country in the West of Europe, and we must never forget, and never be allowed to forget our great race heritage.

You are the only people who have preserved the record of your own past, and preserved it in a literature of your own, when the rest of the peoples were plunged in darkness. You have preserved the longest, the most consecutive, and the most luminous literary track behind you

of any people that has preserved its vernacular, except Greece alone.

I am not exaggerating when I say that during all the horror and darkness and confusion and ignorance of the people in the Middle Ages, Ireland, and Ireland alone, held aloft the torch of learning and of piety in the race of mankind for between three and four centuries. And, gentlemen, we do not know it ourselves. We have no university to instruct us. Irish Ireland has no headquarters to teach it its own great past, and you look to your English books written on the other side of St. George's Channel, for those things, and you look in vain. You cannot find them. But go over to the mainland of the Continent: go to France, our natural ally; go to Germany, our best friend as far as literature is concerned; go to Belgium; go to any of the places of learning on the Continent, and there is not a university that will not tell you what I am telling you to-night. If you doubt me turn to the pages of Windisch of Leipsic; turn to the pages of Zimmer, the great professor of Sanscrit, in Berlin; turn to Dr. Holger Pedersen of Copenhagen, the man whose work on the Irish grammar, written in Danish, is acknowledged throughout Europe to be the best thing done on that particular subject; turn to D'Arbois de Jubainville, the venerable professor of Paris; to my friend, George Dodd of Brittany; above all, to my friend, Dr. Kuno Meyer of Berlin; and do not forget to turn to the pages of Solomon Reinach, the learned Jew of Paris; and, gentlemen, between us and men of that race, I have often thought how close is the resemblance on the pages of history.

Turn to those men, and they will tell you what I am telling you to-night; and when it is told you by a tongue

that is not Irish and by a pen that was never held in the hand of an Irish writer, perhaps then you will believe it.

Our work in Ireland to-day, and the movement of which I have the honor to be President, is engaged upon a continuation of that ancient civilization. Were we going to allow it to be wiped out of existence? Were we going to allow that splendid past of ours to become a dead letter, and to exercise no influence whatever upon the men who are its great inheritors? We are not.

We are going to build an Irish nation that shall be the rational continuation of the nation as it once was. We founded the Gaelic League a dozen years ago as a linguistic movement, a movement concerned with the ancient language of Ireland; but as that movement progressed, and as it grew and grew under our hands, nobody was more astonished than myself to find it turning out a great national movement, and not a linguistic one.

Some of the side fruits, of the by-products of this linguistic movement of ours—and, remember, they were only by-products of it—have radically revolutionized ethical and social conditions in Ireland to-day.

Take two of them; take the industrial movement. When they founded the Gaelic League we did not think of Irish industries. As the League progressed, we found that every adherent of the Gaelic League became a warm and thoroughgoing supporter of Irish industry in all its forms. And we have something to show for it. There are our woolen mills; there are our cloth mills. Do you know that within the last three years we have doubled the output of our cloth mills; we have doubled the output of our woolen mills; we have trebled the output of our paper mills? We have enormously increased every

minor industry that Ireland possesses; matches, starch, blacking, all those things that are beneath the dignity of a speaker at this great banquet to mention; but, remember that nations are built upon such pettiness. And we are going to build up our nation by a close attention to minor details—even the starch and the blacking and the matches come into it.

I have found that in every country in Europe, where there has been a linguistic revival, it has invariably been accompanied by an industrial revival as well. Belgium, Bohemia and Hungary all show it, and we are no exception to it. Another thing, there was never a linguistic revival of language in Europe attempted that yet failed, and do you think that we are going to fail? Never.

Another by-product of our movement is the great revival of temperance in Ireland. I may say, with almost complete truth, that of all the people who are working heart and soul in the Gaelic League to-day, every one of them, except myself and Mr. Thomas Bawn, who is here to-night, are practically teetotalers. No doubt I would be the same, but it is not expedient for an apostle, like St. Paul, who has to be all things to all men, you know.

But I can claim this for the Gaelic League: It has broken up the power of the drink traffic in Ireland, and, above all, it has taken the capital city of Ireland, Dublin, out of the hands of the saloonkeepers.

It is something over three years ago now since the Gaelic League—this is another by-product of it, you never know where we are going to stop—determined that St. Patrick's Day must be observed as the proper national holiday as the Patron Saints' days of every country are observed as national holidays. So we went to the great

stores of the city; they consented to close. We went to the Stock Exchange; we went to the banks and to the various big mercantile industries—they all said they would close. Then we went on a deputation to the saloon-keepers of Dublin, and I never will forget that deputation. There was a parish priest, there was a barefooted friar, there was a publican himself, there was myself, and there was half-a-dozen other rag, tag and bobtail. But, though we were insignificant in appearance, faith, we had the good-will of the people behind us; and when the publicans, and they alone, refused to close their houses on St. Patrick's Day, we held our great language procession, two days later.

The language procession, walking through the streets of Dublin, had branches of the Gaelic League, each branch with its own banner borne over its head, and their sympathizers, walking five abreast, and walking at a good round trot, took an hour and forty minutes to pass a given point. We struck off enormous cardboard placards, and carried them at intervals in our procession, and on the placards was written, "Don't drink in the publicans' houses," "The selfish publicans won't close," "The publicans spoil St. Patrick's Day." The result was electrical. There were one hundred and fifty of them outside our offices the next day waiting for closing cards to put in their windows.

That year we closed 40 per cent; the next year we closed 50 per cent, and the arrests for drunkenness fell from about 130 to 17. This year we closed 60 per cent, and no doubt we will keep on 10 per cent and 10 per cent until we have closed them all.

Another thing: We brought forward a bill in Parlia-

ment then to make St. Patrick's Day what they call a bank holiday; that means, a compulsory holiday for government officials in the postoffices and in government banks, and we got it carried without any one raising a word of remonstrance. Lord Dunraven, whose name has been so prominently connected with devolution in the last year or two, had charge of the bill in the House of Lords, and he wired over to Dublin and asked what we would like to do—would we care to close the public houses by compulsion on St. Patrick's Day, or by law, for if so, he could get a clause inserted in the House of Lords and do it. That telegram was shown to me, and I said: "Certainly not. If we cannot close them by force of public opinion in Dublin itself, we shall never close them by compulsion from London."

I just tell you that story to indicate the many directions into which this language movement has branched off; for this language movement is a movement to give back to Irishmen their sense of self-respect again. And any band of men that aim high are certain, if they do not obtain their ultimate goal, of going a long way towards it; and we aim high, for we aim at nothing else than establishing a new nation upon the map of Europe.

Gentlemen, I look forward to a great and emancipated Ireland in the future, an Ireland speaking its own language. Oh, gentlemen, if we had such a thing to-day how it would react upon the mind and soul of every Irishman in America to know that he had his fatherland behind him, as the German have their Fatherland.

We look forward to an Ireland, I say, speaking its own language, thinking its own thoughts, writing its own books, singing its own songs; to an Ireland that shall



MOST REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY

really be a nationality, as Europe counts nationalities. And I cannot say how grateful I am to the Irishmen of this great continent for the warm-hearted, the speedy, the rapid way in which they took to themselves and assimilated doctrines that had never been preached in America before.

Gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, not in my own name, but in the name of the men and the women I left behind me, fighting this fight in Ireland. In their name I thank you, and in their name I shall thank you, for your kindness and your graciousness to me, and for the wonderful manner in which you have received me.

ARCHBISHOP MONTGOMERY.

“Civil and Religious Liberty.”

Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and render unto God the things that are God's.

Judge Coffey—At the beginning of the session this evening, after we had come across the bridge from the sherry to the champagne, and got to the coffee, I said that I was here only as a moderator, to control, as far as I could, the ardent spirits of the Celts. Before we get through I think I shall find myself a very poor controller. Meanwhile, I shall endeavor, so far as in me lies, to perform my functions.

One of the greatest men that ever lived and one of the best friends that Ireland ever had was George Washington. By a coincidence which is fortunate the eve of the anniversary of his birth is the occasion for the reception to Dr. Douglas Hyde; and, in reverence, I pledge a toast, standing and in silence, to the memory of George Washington.

(The assembly rises and drinks toast.)

In the year 1775—and I ask you your attention for the sake of the gentleman whose name I shall presently announce—there was a great victory. It was a year of difficulty and trouble for the cause of liberty. But there was a man in the earliest days of our history, when doubt was everywhere, when the outcome was a problem, when everything was trembling in the balance, that gave up his life for the independence of the United States—the hero of Quebec—Richard Montgomery. And that name, honored in Ireland and honored in America, has no greater representative than the Most Rev. George Montgomery, the Coadjutor Archbishop.

Mr. Chairman, Our Guests, and Gentlemen—In the name of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, and in my own as well, I take this first opportunity of a public nature to tender to Dr. Douglas Hyde a most hearty welcome in our midst on the part of all whom he represents, and invoke a blessing upon that great work to which he has so unselfishly consecrated his life.

Many of Dr. Hyde's readers and auditors may know more Gaelic than I do, but none—or at least, I may say, few, have appreciated more fully or profited by more than I have the information that Dr. Hyde has given us upon this great question in the last ten days.

It certainly requires courage of a high character and reserve power for a man to undertake something that has never before been attempted, and as Dr. Hyde himself expressed it, to revive a dead language and make it again the vernacular of a people. In fact a work of that kind is so stupendous that many of its best friends ought to be pardoned for having some misgivings as to the outcome.

Nevertheless I feel that we who have listened to Dr. Hyde and have read what he has said in the last week or so must be renewed in our courage concerning it.

Somewhat outside of the things that Dr. Hyde himself has insisted upon and has exposed to us so humorously and upon which he and his co-workers depend and hope for success, two things occur to me, great facts that are patent, that ought to encourage even the faintest hearts and make them believe that at least there is a reasonable hope of success.

The first of these great facts is that the very best judges in a case of the kind—educators, scholars and professors, an example of whom we have with us to-night, and, generally, literary men—approve the measure and give it not only their sympathy but their support, and declare that it is not a dream, but a feasible thing—one that can and ought to succeed.

The next great fact, and the one after all and above all other things upon which the success of this measure depends, is the character of the Irish people themselves. How shall I speak of that character in connection with the Gaelic League and in connection with my subject, Civil and Religious Liberty?

Gentlemen, I believe that if we were to ask the conservative leaders in the great world movements of which we are a part and by which all of us are affected—if we were to ask the conservative leaders of what we call thought, the great interests known as political questions, the commercial and the industrial world to try to put into one single sentence what are the principles that underlie these world movements, what are the principles that give them life, that give them hope, I believe that they would

be found to write this sentence—these principles are contained in these words—“it is a world struggle for civil and religious liberty.”

If that is true, if the aspirations for civil and religious liberty embrace the highest ideals and the hopes of men, I contend that for the last three hundred years and more and in the very best sense of the words of civil and religious liberty, the noblest examples of self-sacrifice made in behalf of these ideals have been made by the Irish nation.

To attempt any great thing, we naturally look to the history of individuals, and to nations, for incentives, for examples to inspire and encourage; and, gentlemen, I say that this is one of the contributions that the Irish people have given to the world.

It is true that in the name of civil and religious liberty mistakes have been made and crimes have been committed, but we shall be told that, notwithstanding that, these things are inevitable, these things come from the selfishness of men. They are matters that may impede its progress, but they cannot as a matter of fact entirely stop its onward course. Therefore, we look for encouragement and for ideals; and therefore I say here, that the Irish people have given us that as an inheritance.

I care not who studies the history of Ireland, friend or foe, if the student critic can come to the study of it with this disposition that we can rise to the plane of simple common honesty, no matter what else he may see in the history of Ireland, he will see this so prominently that it will force itself upon him; and he will have to confess that in the world there never was a nation that was subjected to such trying ordeals in the pursuit of that one

thing; and never yet a nation that bore herself more gallantly with equal and unswerving courage of principle. I say this is the character of the Irish people, and why should not Dr. Hyde and others feel that they can build upon character like that?

We of America are glad to learn from Dr. Hyde that in Ireland, with a broad platform of an Irish Ireland, her whole people are practically united; and that in that declaration there is no party, there is no sect, there is no creed, and its only enemies are ignorance, anti-Irish bigotry, race hatred and Trinity College, Dublin.

It has been said that Irishmen have fought successfully everybody's battles but their own. Gentlemen, I believe that in the providence of God, the battle that God gave Ireland to fight is precisely this one of civil and religious liberty. And as such she has not fought in vain. No battle for the right has ever been lost absolutely. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, as the eternal things of God are always just."

Gentlemen, such being the case, this evening, as we tender our congratulations to our distinguished guest, in whom we are more honored than he is by our presence here, I say, that we may indulge the hope and the belief on his testimony that Ireland has entered upon her last and a successful battle for her language and for her nationality; which, I interpret to mean, her share of civil and religious liberty.

May we not even hope that Dr. Hyde and some of us may live to see under the able leadership of himself and his coadjutors an Irish parliament sitting in Dublin legislating upon Irish affairs? And when that happy event is consummated, we need scarcely say to Dr. Hyde, make the

legislation as nearly as you can like that which we enjoy in the land of Columbia.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

“The United States.”

He landed thereafter upon another great Island, where he beheld a small church and a fortress there, an ancient and gray cleric in the Church. Maelduin accosts him: “Whence art thou?” saith he. “I am the fifteenth man of the people of Brendan of Birr. We went upon our pilgrmage out into the ocean until we fared unto this Island.”

Judge Coffey—I am advised, gentlemen, to talk Irish to you, but I am not equal to this occasion. As I look at the toast list, for once it is beyond me, and so is the toast. But it is not beyond the respondent.

The gentleman who is to respond to this toast is a man equal to the occasion, and to every occasion that I have ever seen him engage in.

The son of a man of strong and original character, integrity, and foresight, he has in him the best qualities of his ancestors.

He has studied the condition of California and of San Francisco locally; and has gone abroad and studied there, and he has brought the benefits of that study to this place, and applied them practically.

He has done what few men in his position have done—utilized the advantages of his wealth for the benefit of the city in which he was born, and he has done it without ostentation.

He has realized the future of San Francisco, and devoted his talents and energies to the cultivation of the useful and beautiful in its reconstruction.

There has never been a cause of Ireland to which he



HON. JAMES D. PHELAN

has not been a willing contributor, and he has been a most enthusiastic supporter of this present movement.

As Mayor of San Francisco, the last under the old system and the first under the new Charter, which he was instrumental in securing and was intrusted with inaugurating, for five years he strove, amidst great difficulties, to improve the condition of civic affairs.

The matter of municipal administration is a very important factor in its relation to the government of the whole country, and in that respect it is appropriate that one who has striven so earnestly on the lines indicated should respond to "The United States of America." Hon. James D. Phelan.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Grace, Dr. Hyde, and Gentlemen—I am not a little embarrassed by the sentence of the Court, because, among other reasons, the great subject which has been given to me as a theme this evening, in contemplation of its extent, is of itself sufficiently embarrassing. We have with us, however, a guest who is engaged in the heroic work of linguistically, industrially and socially upbuilding or restoring a nation, and if I can, in any way, connect the United States—the greatest nation on the face of the earth—with the aspirations and hopes of the nation for which he is laboring, Ireland, I shall at any rate serve a useful purpose.

He has come here not only to give, but to receive. If the history of our country suggests anything to him, certainly the contribution which he takes back will be helpful.

Following the remarks of His Grace the Archbishop, it is very easy to see, without further explanation from

me, the intimate relations which exist between the United States of America and the nation of Ireland, whose aspirations always have been, and are to-day, for civil and religious freedom.

Ireland has been struggling these many centuries, and has laboriously fought its way, but the magic flight of the United States to nationality, over a hundred years ago, may tell Dr. Hyde the secret of our strength. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

One of the proudest boasts of Englishmen—using, I must admit, the very language of Daniel Webster, our own orator and statesman—in describing the power of their country, was that "Its morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircled the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." But when that is quoted by an Englishman, he either does not know or conveniently forgets, that Webster thus described the power and strength of England in order to show that the American Colonies, comparatively without numbers, without armaments, nor fleets, nor munitions of war, were able to overcome Great Britain in the War of the Revolution.

And what was that power? It was the spirit of the cause; it was their love of liberty; it was their hatred of oppression. And, possessed of this spirit, the soldier of the Revolutionary day became strong as a giant. A dwarf may have a giant for a friend, and thus be master of a giant's strength; and they had as their friend the cause of civil and religious liberty, which animated them in their exploits and finally crowned their efforts with success.

And that England, which has for all these centuries laid its oppressive hand upon Ireland, making it tribu-

tary country, destroying its tokens of nationality and driving its people into exile—that England repeated the invasion of the United States in 1812, and its troops entered the capital at Washington. But the redoubtable soldiers of the younger days of America met the insulting foe, and again did the spirit of liberty prevail.

They tell a story of Henry Clay, who, during that war, went as Peace Commissioner to England, and, meeting the Foreign Secretary, Lord Romier, was told very emphatically that there was no further question about the success of British arms in America, because against New Orleans the government had sent that brave soldier, General Packinham, and the veteran forces of England. Henry Clay was then offered a wager on the outcome, after the manner of the times, which he speedily accepted, because, as he stated, he knew the character and animating spirit of the frontiersmen at New Orleans, and, furthermore, knew that they were led by Andrew Jackson. I see that you recognize in him the son of a native-born Irishman. Shortly after that, at a public function, we are told that Lord Romier approached Henry Clay, and, handing him the amount of the wager, said: “Mr. Clay, I give you the amount of the wager. I am in receipt just now of very sad news. General Packinham and his army have been defeated. I cannot account for the repeated successes of American arms, except it be upon the theory that there is a special Providence that watches over idiots, drunkards and the American people.”

Now, we will not attribute all our success to a special Providence. There are other lands equally well entitled to providential aid. We have been told by a most zealous if not fanatical churchman that “We must trust in God

and keep our powder dry.' That is what the Americans did, and I speak of Americans in the sense of men devoted to the cause of liberty, which is the test of their nationality.

It is interesting for this audience to know, as they no doubt know as well as I, that the men who, under Providence, won those important engagements of the Revolutionary Wars were largely of Irish stock. We are told that there was an investigation into the causes of the failure of the American wars by Parliament in 1785, and the testimony showed that one-half of the Continental army was composed of Irishmen.

We can appreciate from that showing the debt which the United States owes perhaps to Ireland, a debt which, on occasions like this, it tries feebly to repay.

However, it is not numerical strength alone that conquers. Otherwise, we might despair for Ireland, whose population during the last sixty years has been reduced one-half by emigration.

When Great Britain imposed unjust taxes upon the Colonies those Colonies felt "Oppression's lightest finger as a mountain weight." The tax on tea was insignificant; they might have borne that burden; but throughout the Colonies there was but one sentiment: that if this tax were tolerated on the principle it is imposed, they would be slaves.

It is indeed a surprising thing that those Colonies, with such little provocation, should apparently have risen as one man, poorly equipped as they were, against the might of England. I think the secret of it may be found in the fact that the numerous Celtic population of the Colonies of those days knew intimately from actual acquaintance

the character of British oppression. They knew that extermination, they knew that confiscation, they knew that persecution had overwhelmed the native races of Ireland and driven them across the sea. From that persecution they had fled; and it was only necessary for them to intimate to their compatriots that English oppression meant destruction, to cause them, as they did, to rise up as one man. They knew that the struggle involved their rights; it involved their families; it involved their children. It involved their very existence, if they were to be tributary to the old country. And well might they say, as they did say, in contemplation of the British oppression at home, "Give us liberty or give us death!"

So, what the United States is—what this glorious structure which has conferred upon its people so many benefits is, must find its origin in Ireland and in other oppressed lands; because free government has progressed from stake to stake and from scaffold to scaffold. Therefore, on an occasion like this, we must humbly, possessed though we be of the greatest country in the world, express our gratitude to those who have gone before. Of that Irish race Dr. Hyde is a conspicuous member, the exponent of the self-same cause in which the Colonies engaged and which conferred upon us our independence and our nationality.

Disraeli said that he wished that the republic of the Puritans had blended with the tribes of the Wilderness. Then, he thought, that America would have a unique nationality. Our nation builders simply looked to the establishment of a government which would grant to the people all those rights that were denied at home, the right to life, to liberty, and to property. We must look for American nationality, not in the language which the peo-

ple use to express their ideas, but in the ideas themselves; not in the color of their skins, but in the color of their minds; and by that test all nations of the world that have come here and sought asylum have found themselves speedily assimilated into the body of American citizenship.

Perhaps we have too much freedom, if you can imagine such a thing. As was said to a French king in derision, "Sire, you are too fond of liberty!" I remember a German fellow-citizen, in making a speech, saying, "This is a free country, and we must not be tyrannized over even by our own principles; we must use moderation in all things, even in the pursuit of virtue."

So, very often in our success we pervert the meaning of this glorious heritage. But what we do know is, that the American nationality has given us free laws; that the fathers of this Republic have reared an edifice capable of shielding men of all opinion who love liberty and hate oppression.

We have laws of our own making, but over us is the Constitution, which is practically immutable, which is high above the storms of passion and caprice, which stands there as the palladium of our liberties, guaranteeing right to life, liberty and property. Underneath that is the great body of laws, which are malleable to our hand, which are subject to the dictates of majorities, and which yield themselves to every popular demand. These laws have for these hundred years stood strong, capable of meeting every emergency, and showing the elasticity of the system which has been given to us in these United States. While we may complain from time to time, the only just complaint, I think, you will find upon investigation concerns the enforcement of these laws. The laws for

the most part meet every exigency; but sometimes there are men in executive offices who fail to give proper enforcement to those laws which have been given to us by a legislature responsible to the popular voice.

While speaking to the sentiment of the United States, it would be a great omission this day to overlook the President of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt is brave, resourceful, honorable and capable; and if we can eulogize the living, upon him we can safely confer a place second only to Washington in his conscientious and scrupulous regard for the duties of his office.

The worthy toastmaster has referred to the fact that to-morrow is the birthday of the greatest citizen-soldier which the Republic has produced. That reminds me of the eulogy which was pronounced upon Washington by Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, when he said that "No country can claim him; no people can appropriate him; he is the gift of Providence to the human race; his fame is eternity, and his residence is creation." Therefore, he belongs as well to the Irish nation as to the American nation; and if there is anything inspiring in his career, let us give him to Ireland to-night. He builded us a nation. He constructed it in the field, and he perpetuated it in the council; and Dr. Hyde is building a nation on the old ruins of Hibernia. Douglas Hyde may fittingly take to himself, in the fullness of time, the credit of writing Robert Emmet's epitaph.

I will simply say, in view of the fact that there are many gentlemen to follow, that the United States is as strong to-day as it was at any time in its history. It may have departed from the simplicity of its early years, but our civilization has become more complex. Our population has enormously increased; the United States has ex-

tended from ocean to ocean—aye, it has gone beyond, and its protecting aegis is now spread over the islands of the Pacific. It has become a world power, feared, respected, and loved. At the same time it has preserved itself as a refuge for the oppressed; it has handed down to us without defilement the Ark of the Covenant—the Constitution and the laws, the institutions which were given to us by Washington and his colleagues. It is a country which is destined, in a greater degree still, to uplift humanity.

There is nothing for which men struggle in Poland, in Hungary or in Ireland which is not found here in the best and truest sense; because the people, under our system, absolutely have the molding of their own destinies. Their rights are preserved by the Constitution, and their freedom of speech and of conscience and of the press, make them, in reviewing the history of the nations of the world, citizens favored above any other. Rome and Greece, when free, in the height of their glory, still had slaves and bondsmen, an element which caused Washington to grieve for the early Republic. But, at tremendous sacrifice, we have abolished slavery.

If the Father of his Country should return to us to-night, and should look back, over the span of years, he would find his Farewell Address, that message from a loving father, respected and observed. We have avoided the perils which he exposed; we have, so far as invention and progress would permit us, remained in a happy and remote situation with respect to Europe. We have suffered no loss by usurpation; we have preserved the independence of the judiciary, the legislature and the executive. Perhaps in a small degree, but yet not in a dangerous degree, have we transgressed his advice concerning inter-



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ference in the affairs of other nations; and yet, there is some obligation upon the greatest nation of the world to assert its power. The moral influence of the United States cannot be ignored; and if that moral influence, which is the creation of free conscience and free speech and free press in America, can serve in any way other and less favored countries, still galling under the yoke of oppression and yearning for freedom, we must not be chary of our good offices; wherever they are exerted, they are, or should be, exerted in the interest of justice, in the interest of freedom, and in the interest of peace.

May this government's fame never be dimmed; may its usefulness never be abridged; may it remain a refuge for the oppressed of all lands, and may the people who have its destiny in their hands hold it sacred as a great, strong nation, always free, always prosperous, always progressive, and always triumphant!

GOVERNOR PARDEE.

"The State of California."

It is a land the most beautiful to be found in the world. It is the land of most fame that is now beneath the sun. The trees are bending under fruits and blossoms and foliage, growing to the very tops of the branches.

Judge Coffey—The next toast is in pure Gaelic, and the respondent will produce the original. He is the Governor of a great land, and the most beautiful to be found in the world. This is the translation; he is the author of the original. "It is a land the most beautiful to be found in the world. It is the land of most fame that is now beneath the sun. The trees are bending under fruits and blossoms and foliage, growing to the very tops of the branches."

He is a sympathizer with the Gaelic League, but he is not a politician. He is a statesman, broad-minded, tolerant, never looking out for his own prospects, but always for the good of the people.

He is, like many around us, a native son of California, and he has done credit to the State of his birth, and has made an excellent record as her chief magistrate, Governor Pardee.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen—Here on the western coast of a great continent that, only four hundred years ago, was first discovered by civilized man, we are welcoming the apostle of an almost extinct tongue, once spoken by many millions of victorious people, who were allies of Greece when she was mistress of the world in war and in the arts and sciences, and who once were strong enough to humble even imperial Rome. Here, on the western coast of the American continent, we welcome him who has done so much to rescue from the limbo of dead languages the speech immortalized by Ossian and the Celtic bards. We welcome him as the representative of that great people who, 3,000 years ago, were masters of Europe and dominated the lands now held by those of other bloods. We welcome him as one who loves the language of his remote forebears and is doing yeoman service toward its preservation.

A language, like him who speaks it, is a living thing that has its infancy, grows to sturdy manhood, and, declining into old age, dies and leaves behind it but slight traces of its former strength and beauty. The stronger the people, the longer will their language persist, although those who speak it may be dispersed and conquered. The ancient Celts were strong and virile; they swept before

them and conquered all the peoples whose lands they coveted, from end to end of Europe. And, although they lost their proud prominence 2,000 years and more ago, their language, strong and virile, and proving the strength and virility of those who boast the Celtic blood, still persists a spoken tongue in this twentieth century. Contemporary with Herodotus, Xenophon, Plato and Aristotle, and allies of Alexander the Great, they conquered Carthage and that land which is now Spain; they invaded what is now Italy, overran the land that is now Germany and France, and planted colonies in Asia Minor and the British Isles.

Great were the ancient Celts in war, the arts and sciences. Poetry and song were sweet to their ears and easy to their tongues. They immortalized, as did the Greeks and Romans, their warriors, and delighted in the mighty deeds of their heroes. Like the Norsemen, they gave attentive ear to Nature's many moods, and twisted into fantastic tales of gods and demi-gods the mysteries of natural phenomena.

But the great, masterful nation of the Celts, as all other nations have or will, reached the zenith of its powers, and, declining, was merged, except in a few outlying fastnesses, into the midst of those who overcame it. Greece and Rome left behind them many relics of their departed greatness. Egypt's ancient tombs and temples challenge, even in the magnificence of their ruins, our admiration. But the Celtic race, contemporary with and in many things their equal, by some mischance of fate, has left behind it only few and scattered fragments of its former greatness, that whisper up to him who understands them tales of greatest human interest.

It would be sad indeed if all the history of Celtic greatness should perish forever from off the face of the earth. But such would be its sure fate were it not for the unselfish efforts of those who, like him in whose honor we are met here to-night, are giving to collect and preserve the few and scattered fragments the centuries, with their destroying fingers, have left for us to contemplate. The lapse of time, the ruthless hand of ignorance and the devastation of war have laid waste and destroyed many of the most valuable monuments of antiquity upon which the utmost energies of human genius were employed. Greater ruin have they hardly ever wrought than upon the Celts and the monuments of Celtic hands and Celtic minds.

Bishop Berkeley's prophetic words, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," never received a more apt illustration than that presented here to-night. Three thousand years ago your forefathers, and perhaps mine, were dominating the lands where other races are now supreme. The great State of California, greater in its future possibilities than all the other lands upon this earth, was then unknown, undreamed of. Persia and Egypt, Greece and Rome, Spain, Portugal and Holland, France, Germany and England, each in its turn has been mistress of the world, around it entwining the moving history of mankind. To-day these United States of ours occupy as once did your forefathers' land, the center of the world's stage of action. And here, with Greece's cerulean sky and Italy's golden sun, the great Pacific Mediterranean at our feet, its surges sounding in our very ears, here, where Nature, ever kind and gentle, woos, but never terrifies; here, to-night, in this land of golden sands and golden fruit and golden flowers; here, to-night, the



HON. W. H. BEATTY

men and women of California, worthy successors, let us hope, of the Celtic race, bid you welcome as the representative of your mighty forefathers, and wish you, in the name of human knowledge, human wisdom and human progress, Godspeed and full success in all you undertake.

MAYOR SCHMITZ.

“The City of San Francisco.”

What is yonder fortress very fine and the most exquisite also that eye has ever beheld, towards the which we are now journeying, or who is the high chieftain who is over this fortress?

As Chief Magistrate of the City of San Francisco it gives me great pleasure to welcome the guest of the evening, Dr. Douglas Hyde. This town owes much to the Irish race, and the names on our streets bear witness to the activity of the members of that race in California's metropolis. I hope that this greeting to Dr. Hyde will not stop with mere words. He is here to accumulate the sinews of war in his gallant fight to restore Irish nationality. This is no mean city, and there should be no mean response to his appeal for funds. I hope that San Francisco will do so much better than all the cities of the East that they will take pattern by her and give Dr. Hyde such a fund that his movement will be properly financed.

CHIEF JUSTICE BEATTY.

“The Judiciary.”

This is no court without acts, without laws, without rules, nor no court of despoiling, such as thou hast ever been accustomed to, this court which took its rise from courteous hosts, but it is the court of the pitiful, of the virtues and of virgins.

Judge Coffey—In the galaxy of guests to-night there is no one whom we more delight to honor than the Chief Justice of California.

He has presided for many years over our highest appellate court, and has done his duty without fear or favor.

His characteristics are probity, learning, thoroughness, expedition, the essential judicial virtues.

Mr. Chairman, Most Reverend Archbishop, Dr. Hyde—"The Judiciary" is a term of ambiguous meaning. In one sense it signifies a department of the Government, or that system of tribunals to which the judicial authority has been committed, while in another sense it designates the body of Judges who, for the time being, preside in the various tribunals.

Considering the excellence of the system established by the Constitution of California and the perfect equality of rights which it accords to all persons, native and foreign, there would be nothing surprising in the fact, if in every such gathering as this we should turn for a moment from the consideration of lighter topics to render our grateful homage to an institution so beneficent in its design. And if I were as modest as perhaps I should be, I would put aside the compliment to the body in whose behalf I am called upon to speak by assuming that the toast which your chairman has announced was exclusively addressed to that cold abstraction—Article VI of the California Constitution. But if I did consistency would require me to confine myself to an elaboration of the marvelous symmetry and perfection of that feature of our fundamental law, and I gravely fear that such a discourse would be far from edifying to the guest in whose honor this festival has been organized, and especially wearisome to the rest of the company. Therefore, in mercy to him and you, and for my own satisfaction, I am disposed to take a

less formidable view of the matter, and to confine myself in the few remarks I shall have to make, to some reference to the men who have been chosen to administer our judicial system, and especially those men in whom our distinguished guest may be disposed to feel the greatest interest.

He will, I am sure, be gratified to learn, or, if he already knows the fact, it will still be gratifying to have it restated, that from the time of the American occupation of California, and even before that event, men of Irish nativity and of Irish descent have at all times borne a prominent part in every movement by which its destiny has been shaped. They have filled the most prominent posts in the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments of the Government. They have represented us in both branches of the National Congress, and they have represented us in the Army and Navy. This statement cannot be better illustrated, than by the following list of names of Judges now or recently serving in that capacity:

There are Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court of the United States; my genial associate, Justice Lorigan of the Supreme Court of California, and Justice McLaughlin of the Court of Appeal. In the Superior Court, going back only twenty years, we have Judges James E. and D. J. Murphy, Judges Mahon, Corcoran, Sullivan, Coffey, Finn, F. W. Lawler and W. P. Lawlor, Dougherty, Rooney, Sweeney, Conly, Kelly, Dooling, Dunne, Murasky, Kerrigan, Shields, McSorley, Maguire, Toohy.

These, and many others whose names I do not now recall, are all among the living. Among the dead are

my predecessor, Chief Justice Morrison, whom I knew as long ago as 1853, before he entered upon that public career which ended in the Chief Justiceship. Another, who has more recently passed away, was my warm-hearted and esteemed associate, Judge Fitzgerald, who, after leaving the Bench, served a term as Attorney-General of the State. Another was Judge T. H. Rearden, of this county, who was better known and will be longer remembered for his elegant scholarship and literary faculty than as a Judge. Of the many others whom I did not know personally I shall not attempt to speak. But among the living there is one whom I have never yet mentioned because he has never been a Judge in California, but who yet belongs to us.

Many of you will remember an occasion, a few years ago, when, in another room of this hotel, the citizens of San Francisco banqueted the Hon. James F. Smith, in honor of his then recent appointment to a place on the highest Court of the Philippine Islands. He had left San Francisco only a year or two before as Colonel of the First California Regiment; he had been promoted for gallant service to the rank of General. He had in the capacity of Governor pacified one of the most unruly islands of the Philippine group, and for these varied services, and in recognition of his ability and character, had been finally promoted to the Bench. His fellow-citizens honored themselves by publicly indorsing the fitness of his appointment, and I hope sincerely he has been as happy in the administration of his office as I choose to imagine him.

But I must not trespass further upon your patience, and in concluding I will only express the hope that Dr.



HON. FRANK J. SULLIVAN

Hyde will find in the generous recognition which the character and abilities of his countrymen have received in the land of their adoption some consolation for the loss sustained by the land of their nativity when they joined the tide of emigration to these western shores.

FRANK J. SULLIVAN.

“The Exiles of Erin.”

Cold is the wind upon me this March day, and Erin, my darling, farewell forever, and I voyaging across the brine. Across the brine, my grief, my trouble. Since I am departing from thee, beloved darling, a blessing and twenty upon thee, beloved, from my innermost heart, a blessing and a thousand, and Erin, my darling, farewell forever.

Judge Coffey—Among the earliest of our pioneers came across the plains in 1844 a sturdy and stalwart man, John Sullivan, formerly the owner of this very Palace Hotel site. Large-hearted, charitable, generous, enterprising, he contributed largely to the building of this city. His sterling qualities were transmitted to his children, and we have here the senior scion, a native of San Francisco, whose enthusiastic zeal and executive energy have done so much to bring about the success of this celebration. He has honored his constituency by his service in the Senate of this State, and added to the beauty of San Francisco by his gratuitous labors as Park Commissioner. He is none the less an American because he is faithful to the land of his forefathers, and in proof of that faith has perpetuated by a monument on the field of Fontenoy the memory of the heroic soldiers who there changed defeat into victory.

“And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true.”

I introduce to you Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, who will respond to the "Exiles of Erin."

Mr. Toastmaster—It is indeed a difficult task for one to make an address at 12:30 at night, and hold his audience. You remember that, in one of the cowboy towns in the far West, it was a habit of some of our free Americans to take a shot at the poor piano-players in the public saloons. I have no doubt they deserved it in many cases. But as a result saloon-keepers hung up signs on which appeared in large letters these words: "Please don't shoot at the piano-player. He is doing the best he can."

At this late hour I feel I am like the poor piano-player in the Wild West, but I will do the best I can.

It is not without emotion that I heard you as toastmaster refer to my honored father. Yes, he was one of the pioneers of 1844, who discovered the Truckee Pass. He brought property in this city in 1846, when it was Yerba Buena. History records that he discovered \$20,000 in gold nuggets, in one place, in the rich claim known even to-day by his name as Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne county. This spot where I am now addressing you, covered by the Palace and Grand Hotels, was owned by him. He made a gift of this Palace Hotel property to the orphan children of San Francisco. He did more to earn the good-will of the people of this city. He was the founder and first president of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, one of the greatest savings banks in the world. I think this is a pretty fair record for an Irish exile. But what I admired in him was: He lived and died an honest man; at all times he had a sympathy

for the wage-worker; and he was always proud of Ireland and her people.

The subject to which I propose to address myself this evening is one which cannot be properly treated in a short address. The words of Virgil in truth apply to the exiles of Erin. "*Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.*" What land and what people have not seen the persecuted yet light hearted exile of Erin!

With a history which touches at the very creation of the world, with an early recorded civilization superior to that of any other early pagan people, with a missionary zeal for the Christian faith rarely equaled and never excelled, with the virtues of heroism, hospitality and generosity in every act of life, with a womanhood of the purest and a manhood of the bravest character, with a love for their own more intense than that of any race on earth, this remarkable people has been a wanderer on the face of the great globe. No other nation (except possibly the Jewish) has experienced such reverses of fortune, or has been compelled to live among strangers. No other people has undergone such continued and persistent persecution without abandoning its love for either the faith of its fathers or its nationality. The Irish race has relinquished neither the one nor the other. As Wendell Phillips truly said: "After 700 years, Ireland still stands with the national flag in one hand and the crucifix of Catholicity in the other."

It has been claimed that the exile of the Irish was voluntary and involuntary. Voluntary, because Irishmen left their native land to win fame and fortune, before the the oppression of England forced them to fly, and further that this exodus commenced in the reign of Henry VIII.

To my mind, there never was a voluntary exile of Erin, because the very term exile means the contrary. Why should there be in the case of one of the most fruitful and beautiful islands of earth? I can imagine that such a thing is possible where the sun shines but seldom, where the flowers never bloom, where the chill of winter freezes the very blood in the veins—where, in fine, Nature is a cruel stepmother; but in the case of Ireland, who can say that this has ever been the case?

I have seen many parts of the world, but I have yet to see any country lovelier than Ireland. Even now, the scenes that I witnessed a few months ago pass before me—I see again the fertile valleys with the green fields, divided by hedges of holly and hawthorn, the gentle sloping hills with the yellow furze; the limestone roads, carefully kept, which stretch out on all sides, like so many slim and long serpents, white and glistening in the bright sunlight; the pale blue sky, across whose face the white clouds chase each other as if in sportive glee—the whole scene enlivened by the presence of a lofty, slender round tower of past ages, or a Runic cross, or a ruined abbey overgrown with ivy, or a castle of feudal days, now shorn of all its warlike pomps and only adding to the charm of the landscape—all these I see now as I saw then, and I say now, as I said then, “only a demon could drive a people from such a blessed land.”

I will not dwell on the painful reasons why the Irish people were obliged to leave this dear isle. They are known to all the world. The Englishman is now being judged and will be judged. He is now making his case before the world, and a bad case it is. He is beginning to realize that Almighty God does not settle His accounts

every Saturday night. He commences to understand that every drop of blood drawn with a lash or otherwise will be paid with another drawn by the sword.

So saith the Lord, and I believe His judgments are just. I believe that the moral law applies to nations as well as individuals. No crime can pass without its penalty. If that be so, who will foretell what England must suffer for her conduct to Ireland? Some wit, accounting for English hatred of Ireland, said regretfully that British temper was soured by the Irish sea—the sixty miles of water which separates England from Ireland. I say it is a blessing in disguise; it is the best thing between them.

English misrule is seen in the fact that an Irish exile can be found in every part of the world, and I suppose would be found in every part outside of it, if there was room for a man to put his foot there. An amusing tale is told of, I think, Father O'Leary of Cork, who was delegated to visit an Indian chief, on the sea coast of South Africa. The African chief, surrounded by his numerous wives and children, received him in great state. The interpreter, in explaining the object of the visit, was rather long-winded. The chief grew impatient. Finally, he broke out in the choicest English, with a strong Cork brogue: "Arrah! Dear Father O'Leary, talk in English; don't you know me? I am Michael O'Flaherty of King street in the city of Cork."

I have often asked myself what power saved the Irish race from annihilation, not alone in the trials with the Saxon, but before his arrival, in the hand-to-hand struggle with the Dane. The philosophy of history teaches us the reason. It shows that a Providence regulates all things.

The will of man is the apparent instrument, but a Greater Power still controls his destiny. Who shall say that the hand of Providence is not seen in the history of the exiles of Erin? Who were these exiles?

The various countries of Europe in the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries make reply.

There was Fridolen, a man of learning and sanctity. There was the cultured St. Gall, whose name is still venerated throughout Switzerland. There was St. Columbanus, who evangelized France and Italy, and died, venerated and esteemed, at Bobbio in Italy. There was St. Killian, whose fame is cherished by the people of Bavaria. There was St. Columba, or Columkille, one of the Apostles of Scotland, whose Isle of Iona was, and even is to-day, the theme of song and of story. Its history moved the heart of Dr. Johnson. He has recorded his impressions in a sentence that will never die. In Iona lies the dust of every monarch of Scotland, except the Bruce. Aye, even Duncan and Macbeth are here united in death. Shakespeare, you remember, alludes to Iona in his play of "Macbeth," yet how few understand these lines:

"Ross—Where is Duncan's body?

"Macduff—Carried to the Colmkill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones."

Columkille found the Saxon a naked savage; he taught him to be a Christian, and to be a man. Montalembert, in his "Monks of the West," devoted pages to this Irish exile. His school of Iona was the hive whence went forth the learned and cultured Irishmen who changed Europe from barbarism to Christianity.

In the eighth century the Irish monk Cataldus in

Italy followed in the steps of Columbanus. In the low countries, now Belgium and Holland, the name of St. Romauld, the learned Celt, is still a bright memory; Clement and Albinus, the learned Irish philosophers, were the leaders of thought. There was also Aidan of Lindisfarne, who assisted in civilizing the Saxon savage. Who has not heard of the learned Virgilius, or rather Farrelly, who discovered the rotundity of the earth? He lived and died the Bishop of Salzburg. What Celt has not taken pride in the name and fame of John Scotus Erigena at the Court of France? No one who claims to have any knowledge of history doubts that Irishmen of culture wrote the "countless illuminated books of Erin," and that from the "Island of Saints and Scholars" they came in numbers to the assistance of the barbarians of Europe.

These exiles gave to England its common law. This may seem startling to many. But it is well to know facts, even if we discover them late in life. The common law of England in the opinion of the best authorities, is founded upon the Brehon law of the ancient Irish, which was adopted in the third century, in the reign of Cormac.

Hence the United States is indebted to them for the foundation of its constitution and its laws. It may disturb the spirits of Daniel Webster and George William Curtis to hear this, or the learned Eliot of Harvard College to learn it, but such is the fact.

The ignorant and dull Saxons received the only education they ever had from the Irish monks. Alfred, their King, was educated in Ireland, at Ireland's expense. Alfred himself commemorates that fact in a Gaelic poem, now extant. Hence all knowledge of law, or of anything else, which the Saxon ever had came from Ireland. These

exiles gave the world its first idea of copyright. This was due to Columkille. He made a copy of the Book of Psalms without permission of the owner. The latter claimed it without avail. He then appealed to the King of Tara. The King decided that he who owned the original was entitled to the copy. This decree commences with the words, "Every cow has a right to its calf." Columkille was not satisfied. He appealed to his clan of the O'Neils; war ensued, and many were slain. Columkille, as a penance, determined to exile himself from Ireland.

Love for Ireland is a remarkable trait in Irish character. Yet it is not the material Ireland only that the Kelt loves; it is the associations clustering around it, recalling home, and parents, and kindred, which are engraved in his memory. It is the presence of an ideal world which speaks to him from every dell, from every hill, from every stream and from every spot of his Ireland.

The history of Columkille is evidence of this deep affection. He loved Ireland so much that every day he looked across the waters to his dear home.

When a tired and weary bird took shelter in the little Isle of Iona Columkille said to his monks: "Take up that bird, dear brothers; feed and care for her gently; restore her strength again; for that bird comes from Ireland. Oh, my broken heart! that bird will fly back again, but I can never go back."

His feelings as an exile are well described by him in these words: "Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albion."

You have often heard of the exile who, at a banquet given in a foreign land, was asked to toast "The land we live in." "Certainly," said he, "with all my heart. Here's

to dear old Ireland!" It has been well said that no country which can inspire such sentiments is wholly lost, and no cause for which men willingly give up their lives is dead. If this be true, then may Ireland be proud of her exiled children.

The desire to spread the light of the Gospel often caused the Kelt to leave for a time his native land. But he ever remained faithful to her. He always cherished the hope of seeing that dear isle once more.

We now come to another exile, the compulsory exile of the children of Ireland from the land they loved so well. We are forced to consider the black ingratitude of the Saxon to the people that reclaimed him from barbarism.

From the time of the Norman invasion, in the twelfth century, the idea with the English was the annihilation of the Irish race. Beautiful Ireland was a paradise, which they believed was only intended for them and their descendants. As early as the reign of Henry VIII the Irish began to leave their native land. The story of Ireland since that period is an unhappy one for the Irish race, and a discredit to England. The methods of the English were criminal. The leaders of the Irish people were frequently removed by poison or by assassination. Quarrels were fomented between families, so that the English could interfere. Rebellions were promoted by English informers in order that the clansmen would be found guilty of treason. They would thereby be deprived of their lands, so that English colonists could settle on them. Land hunger was the secret of English hate.

Confiscation followed confiscation. Treaties were regarded as waste paper. Such men as Sir Walter Raleigh and the poet Spenser were as cruel and brutal as the Lon-

don rifferaff. Finally, it was thought that Cromwell gave a death blow to the Kelt by massacres, and by the expatriation of thousands to the West Indies and to America, and by the forcible deportation of the remnant of the race to Connacht. Yet the Kelt survived, and still survives. To crown all, the Treaty of Limerick, which guaranteed civil and religious liberty, was broken. After the departure of Sarsfield's army, the Penal Laws of Ireland were made more cruel and infamous. Then it would appear that the Irish people faced absolute annihilation. As Edmund Burke remarked, "As the idea of the English was to render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded. They divided the nation into two distinct parties, without common interest, sympathy or connection. One of these parties was to possess all the franchises, all the property, all the education; the other was composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them." Then commenced the emigration of the Kelt in great numbers to all parts of the world.

Ireland, deprived of the aid of her best children, seemed in the last stages of decay. While these conditions existed the sword of the Irishman was earning fame for the race in all parts of the world. The records of this enforced emigration of the Kelts shows that the men of Ulster, such as the O'Neils, the O'Donnells and the O'Reillys, the O'Garas, Lacys, Lawlesses, Wogans, Blakes, went to Spain. There were five Irish regiments in the Spanish army. To-day there are many Spanish grandees of Irish descent. One of them refused to learn English because he detested the practices of England. The men of Leinster, such as the Nugents, Kavanaghs and Taafes, enlisted in the service of Austria; the men of Munster and

Connacht in the armies of France; hence the O'Briens, the Sullivans, the Murphys, the Lallys, were numerous in the Irish Brigade. In the Russian army there were several Irish soldiers, such as Clarke and DeLacy. In the American Revolution the first General to fall in the sacred rights of American independence was the Kelt, Montgomery.

Kelts filled the armies of Washington and Rochambeau.

Then, too, we have among the exiles, the greatest orator of any age, the renowned Edmund Burke, the friend of America, who in statesmanship is easily the superior of any man, ancient or modern. This was the opinion of Macaulay and of our own Everett and Choate. Yet the English claim him, as they claim everything. As Wendell Phillips said, "They have one yardstick for themselves and another for the rest of mankind." But how they can claim one whose brogue was unmistakably Irish is a matter of wonder to me.

Then there was the great writer and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Of him Byron wrote: "Nature formed but one such man, and broke the die, in moulding Sheridan."

There was Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, driven by necessity to live in England.

Time prevents me from naming the number of brilliant men that have made the name of Ireland illustrious in all foreign lands.

There were many others who were forced to leave their native land to earn their daily bread elsewhere. There was the architect, Barry, who designed the Parliament Buildings, in London. There was Maclise, the artist;

there were physicians and soldiers and poets without number.

There was the brawn and sinew of Ireland condemned purposely by Saxon misrule to toil and labor at the meanest tasks. There were, too, the Irish soldiers, who were compelled by poverty, and against their will, to serve the vile purposes of England.

But will any one tell me that these facts affect English pride and English self-conceit? "No," as the Lord Lovell said: "England has no measure of right or wrong; if a thing harms England, it is wrong, and if it helps England, it is right. It is her only yardstick."

It is not claiming too much to say that the anti-English spirit of the soldiers of the American Revolution was fed by the hatred of the Irish exiles who filled the American armies. Without this spirit and the assistance of the 10,000 French troops, which included the Dillon and Walsh regiments, the Americans could not have succeeded. Why, sir, Irish names are found in every regiment in the American army. The roll of the men of Bunker Hill is evidence of that fact. The majority of Washington's generals were of Keltic stock. Irish blood was prominent in American families. Why, even the celebrated John Hancock had an O'Flaherty for his mother. Hear this, narrow-minded Anglo-Saxon. Learn the truth, even if it is not pleasant to your preconceived ideas. Know that the Kelt has rights, and the time is at hand when he will proclaim them and insist that they shall be recognized.

Ireland never asked for England's love, not even for her good-will. But what she wanted was the appearance of justice which was due her as a weak opponent. If for no

other reason, England owed this to Ireland in order to preserve English dignity.

But alas! England never had any appearance of dignity in her treatment of the Irish people. To show the self-conceit and hypocrisy of England, I will refer to the plea of the eulogist of saintly Henry VIII and the virgin Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Froude volunteered to tell us why the Irish were exiled from their native land.

1st. He told us that England gave them what they deserved.

2d. They were governed badly because they could not be governed rightly.

3d. They were robbed and plundered by the English, because they made such bad use of their own.

4th. They were persecuted, because it was the fashion of the day.

These arguments are the only ones that one of the most celebrated Englishmen could bring to tell the world why there were Irish exiles, and this in face of the fact that the Irish have been successful in all countries but their own. He stated his case and he lost it. Why? Because to-day the Exile of Erin is the victor. England, tried before the bar of public opinion, is condemned by the judgment of the entire world, civilized and uncivilized.

The conceit of England knows no bounds. Even if she were summoned before the bar of Eternal Justice, and the great Judge demanded her name, her deeds, and her titles, I really believe that England would reply: "I refuse to answer, on the advice of counsel."

England points proudly to her Constitution. But she took good care that it should be a protection for her own people. This fact reminds me of a little story.

During the debates before the Civil War in this country a controversy arose over the relative merits of the two parties which then appealed to the people for support. A Kansas farmer named Sam Smith was asked how he was going to vote. "I am going to vote," said he, "for the Constitooshun, the Union and the Enforcement of the Law." "Tell me," said one, "what is the Constitooshun?" "The Constitooshun," said he, "I have never seen. I do not know how it looks, particularly, but I know that, it is something kept in a strong box in Washington, which no one ever sees."

This was indeed the case of the English Constitution so far as Ireland was concerned. It was kept somewhere secreted so that no Irishmen could get a chance to look at it or to claim the protection of its many provisions. Ireland received, instead, plenty of Coercion laws. Hence I claim that the faults of the Irish, if they have any, are not due to them, but to English tyranny. I say they have the right to a review of the past and to show how England first robbed them of all that was dear to freemen and then attempted to degrade them. I claim that the criticism of the Irish people lately by Martin Keogh—note the name Keogh—Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, for the little faults that they may have is beneath contempt. I say to him, and to others like him, that such criticism, in view of the heroic struggle of the Irish people for freedom, is like criticism of the Greeks at Marathon or at Thermopylae, or of the Poles and the Boers to-day, or of Nathan Hale in our Revolutionary War. There is a limit to such small, miserable methods.

There is a dead line of fair dealing with heroic peo-

ples, beyond which I am sure American love of fair play will forbid any decent man to go.

If I were asked to name the good points of the Irish exile, I should say: First—Religious fervor. Beyond and above all, this quality is supreme. It was so in pagan times, before St. Patrick, and it was so with the early monks who evangelized Europe and civilized the ignorant Saxons. It is so to-day wherever the Irishman dwells. Would that I had time to dwell upon this head.

The second quality that strikes us is the purity of the women of Ireland, even under the most trying circumstances, due to their high religious ideals and family pride. The position of women among the Irish, even from the earliest times, has been an exalted one. They were treated with distinguished courtesy and honor. Moore, in his "Melodies," proudly and frequently refers to this fact.

Before the light of Christianity dawned on Ireland women, by the provisions of the Brehon law, were the equals of men. The respect of the pagan Irish for the mother and daughter and wife and sister was only intensified by Christianity.

There is another quality about the exile which attracts world-wide attention. It is his marvelous wit. It is a gleam of sunshine in the darkness of his sad history. Fate may have been his enemy in the accumulation of riches, but it left him something better—a keen intelligence. Here is an example:

You remember that a certain traveler questioned a Kelt about the depth of a certain lake in California. The guide claimed that it had no bottom. "How do you know that?" said the traveler. He replied: "Because a neigh-

bor of mine tried it.” “How is that?” said the other. “Why,” said the guide, “he removed his clothes, and jumped in, and disappeared. His body was never found.” “You never found his body?” “No, sir,” said the Kelt; “but the next day we received a cable from Manila to send on his clothes.”

Here is another: Two ladies asked an Irishman in New York which was the older of the two. “Why, then,” he replied, “each of you looks younger than the other.”

Here is an other: An aged lady, getting out of a cab in the city of San Francisco, said to the Irish cab driver: “Help me, I am getting old——” “Begorra, madam, said he, “whatever age you are you don’t look it.” He received a good fee.

A rich woman in this city wanted a butler. An Irishman desired the place. “Why did you leave your last place?” said she. “Because,” he said, “my mistress was old and cranky.” The lady said: “I may be old and cranky, too.” “You may be cranky,” said Erin’s son, “but old—never.” He got the place, with high wages.

Here is another: A judge in Canada invited a poor Irish laborer into his private car, saying: “It is a long time before you could ride in a railway carriage with a judge in Ireland.” At once he replied: “It is a long time you would be in Ireland before you would be a judge.”

At Dunsinuir in this State, a much loved priest was attacked by a candidate. The clergyman took good care to do all he could to defeat him at the polls. He was beaten unmercifully. Meeting the defeated man the day after the priest stood, doffed his hat, and held it in front of him, bowing all the time. The crowd collected and de-

manded: "Father Carr, why do you do that to this cur?" "I always make it a rule to show respect to the dead," rejoined the priest.

Here is something from Alameda county: It is told of General Houghton, who was at one time, I believe, a Congressman from this State. He was walking across his neighbor's field, and a bull ran after him. He jumped over the fence, and escaped—not without tearing his clothes. Meeting the owner, an Irish lady, he blurted out: "Madam, it is a shame to allow a bull with such bad manners to run at large." "Who are you?" said the lady. He replied, with great dignity: "I am General Houghton." "Why, in the name of God, did you not tell the bull so?" was her reply.

Take the case of the Kelt who was asked to take a drink out of a very small glass, and was told that it was forty years old. "Well," said he, "I think it is the smallest thing of its age I ever saw."

Another anecdote is told of an Irishman who, meeting a friend, said: "I heard you were dead." "You see," said the other, "I am not." "Oh, no!" said he; "I would believe the other man sooner than I could believe you."

Of the same kind is the story of the man who called upon the Irish editor of a Chicago paper with a complaint that he was put among the dead. "Oh!" said the editor, "our paper never lies. It can't afford to do so. It would lose circulation. If you insist on being alive again, it will be necessary to give you a place in the column of births."

Another is of the Kelt who shut his eyes and looked in the glass to see how he would look when he was dead.

Our toastmaster has enlivened his court proceedings with some specimens of his Keltic wit.

Here is a gem: A witness on the stand was badgered by an attorney, who asked: "Did he drive a wagon?" "No, sir," said the witness. "Do you mean to say, sir, that you understand the value of an oath, and yet say that he did not drive a wagon?" "I still say that he did not do so," replied the witness. "Then what did he drive?" said the attorney. "He drove a horse," replied the witness, amid the roars of laughter in the courtroom, in which the Judge joined. The lawyer demanded in angry tones that he should be protected in his rights. At this time a jackass commenced to bray outside, and filled the courtroom with sound. Thereupon the lawyer yelled louder still. The Judge, wishing to restore order, said: "The court will only hear one attorney at a time. I cannot stand two at once."

Another good thing is told of our toastmaster. A lawyer, wishing to give a lady client the benefit of the Judge's advice, suggested that she question him in reference to the estate of which she was executrix. "Ask the Judge," said the lawyer. "One moment," said his Honor, "do I understand that you desire me to decide questions of law as a judge or to give advice as an attorney?" "Well," said the attorney, "both, if your Honor can do so." "Well, Mr. Attorney," said the Judge, "permit me to say that it is as much as my life is worth to sit here and decide questions which you raise. But further I will not go. I will say, however, that the credulity of your clients has always been a source of amazement to me." Within a second the client and attorney disappeared to seek consolation elsewhere.

The next quality is generosity.

This changed the Normans, like the Fitzgeralds, the

Roches and the Dillons, from enemies into friends. The generous Irish conquered them, and they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Among the greatest of Irish martyrs were men of Norman origin. Who ever heard of an Irish exile turning a deaf ear to a person in want?

The generosity of the Irish in America and elsewhere to their relatives in Ireland is without a parallel in history.

The world has paused in its pursuit of wealth to praise the unselfish and voluntary offerings of the Keltic wage-worker to his poor kindred in Ireland. The Keltic exiles have paid twice over for the value of all the land in Ireland tilled and occupied by their countrymen. The fidelity of the Irish exiles to their own at home is one of the answers to the charge that man to-day is growing more and more selfish. The Irish race has given a frank denial to such a severe criticism of humanity.

As for me, I love the spirit which guides the poor men and women of my race to give their mite to that land and that people which they cherish in their heart of hearts.

The Irish wage-workers in foreign lands have not only purchased over and over again the soil of Ireland, they have done more; they have kept alive the spirit of Irish nationality. Yet that generosity which elevates the Irish exile only causes the English to sneer at their patriotism. But the Kelt is coming in for his own. However, it is sad to say that the result of this exile has been a partial loss of the glorious Keltic language. Enforced emigration has prevented the free use of the Gaelic. Many forgot that they were the possessors of a literature equal to the Greek.

The English schools never taught that the ancient Irish were a highly civilized race with written characters of their own, at a time, too, when the English were densely ignorant. The exiles were never told by English books that Ireland was the land of "Saints and Scholars." Many lived and died without knowing that the written Irish manuscripts were very numerous. The English never admitted that these books were destroyed by them whenever they could lay their hands on them. Thanks to the German scholars, and to the Gaelic League, light has been thrown upon this wonderful Irish literature of the past. It is the mission of Dr. Douglas Hyde to restore the Irish language to the Irish people, to give them a knowledge of the greatness of their ancestors and of the glories of the Kelt in peace and war, and to make the Irishman believe more in himself and in his own destiny. To-day the Kelt in America says to all the world: "Thank God! I am of Irish stock, and I am proud of it."

While it is true that the Irish people as a race have never been conquered, it is also true that many of them affected English customs. Dr. Hyde proposed that the Kelt must be taught that, while the English have good points in a business point of view, he has better qualities of his own. The Kelt, moreover, may admire the patriotism of the Greeks, and may see in the Parthenon at Athens the ideal of Grecian art, but let him remember that he, too, on the rock of Cashel, has monuments of Irish art which bring back in their glorious ruins heroic memories fully as splendid as ever clustered around the Acropolis of the violet-crowned city of Greece.

He may dwell with delight on the progress of Gaelic Wales, but let him take to heart the statement in the

Welsh codes: "There are three things without which there is no country: commerce, language and co-tillage of land; for without these a country cannot support itself in peace or social union." Let him remember, too, that fifty years ago Wales was like Ireland of to-day. Her language was almost dead. Let him realize with Thomas Davis that "a people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories; 'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river."

There are some who frown upon the Irish exile because he has come in the past to this land without means or education; in other words, because he is poor. They do not inquire why he is poor and uneducated, but simply accept the fact as a badge of disgrace. For these critics riches are everything. For them education is the important factor. It suffices to say that one or two generations back, their fathers were as poor and uneducated as the Irishman that lands upon their shores. But he brings to this republic what their ancestors did not. He has riches far higher than money or learning. He possesses morality, courtesy, wit and intellect of a high order, and a strong arm and a clear brain and a good constitution. If this country has progressed, it is partly due to him.

Who were the leading pioneers who made a pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Who helped to till the fields and to make the land hum with industry? The answer will be—the Irish exiles.

The next, and perhaps greatest, quality of the Irish exile is his indomitable courage. What land and what people will not bear witness to this! The whole earth is red with Irish blood, in defense of the weak. Does not

every battlefield in foreign lands give evidence of Keltic valor? Alas! that blood was often spilled in causes for which the exile cared little. But it was done with the hope that England would take warning. Every sword thrust made and every shot fired by the Irish exiles were a menace to England. I am proud to say that the Irish exile never willingly drew his sword to enslave a people. You remember the tribute of a distinguished American: "I have seen a black swan, I have heard of a white crow, but neither I nor any one in the world ever heard of an Irishman who willingly fought to enslave his fellow-man."

Last year in June it was my privilege to represent the Irish people of California at Fontenoy. As I walked over that battlefield I thought that I would sooner have been a soldier of the Irish Brigade, and have changed defeat into victory, than any cruel landlord in Ireland or elsewhere, with the curses of widows and orphans on my head. I admired then, as I admire now, the heroism of the Irish exile who on that day received the order in Gaelic: "Charge with fixed bayonets; do not fire until you touch the Englishman's belly!" and I thought then and I think now that I would rather have been that poor Irish soldier fighting for the ideal of civil and religious liberty of his country in a foreign land than any purse-proud, cold-hearted millionaire. I had rather do a noble deed for my own land, and for my own people, and for their widows and children, than be the selfish possessor of all the riches of the world.

Then, too, the idea came to me: all men can make money, but it is given to few to be heroes of history like the Irish soldiers at Fontenoy.

While in Italy in 1905 I visited Cremona, and followed

the steps of the brave Irish soldiers through its gates, its ramparts and its streets. Here thirty-five men of our race held back an army. Here two Irish regiments, clad only in their shirts, held their ground against all odds, and, though poor, refused to be bribed. You remember that although their commander, the French Marshal Villeroy, was a prisoner, these exiles finally rallied the French and then drove out of Cremona Prince Eugene of Savoy, one of the greatest soldiers of modern times.

The French King Louis thought highly of his Irish soldiers. When D'Argensen, the Minister of War, said to him: "Sire, the Irish gave me more trouble than the rest of the army," the King replied: "That is what my enemies say." What Kelt does not feel a thrill of joy to know that it was the proud boast of the Irish soldier that he alone had emblazoned on his banners, "Always and everywhere faithful"!

Can America ever forget Irish valor? Never, until the Revolutionary and Civil wars, in which Irish blood flowed freely, are forgotten. I say now, without fear of contradiction, that as the Kelts stood in the past in defense of American liberty, so will they stand in the future, ever faithful to the cause of the glorious stars and stripes. Let no man say that an Irish exile is any less an American because he is proud of the land of his fathers. Let no man impugn the motives of the son, because he cherishes the mother of his heart. While I concede to others the full right to love the land of their ancestors, while I am an American of Americans, a Californian of Californians, I proudly claim the right to love Ireland, the land of brave men and pure women; the land of heroism, of song, and of undying devotion to liberty; the land made dearer to our hearts by the labors of Douglas Hyde. (Great applause.)

I have often remarked with surprise that while the so-called Anglo-Saxon hears with pleasure an American say that he is the descendant of the English or the Scotch, he always sneers when any one claims that he is proud of his Irish blood. Of course, I realize that it is the ignorance of the so-called Anglo-Saxon, who forgets that the Irishman took him when a barbarian and gave him some knowledge of the arts of civilization. It was a bad job, I admit, but the Kelt did it.

It is a matter of great pride for me, the son of an Irish exile, to claim for the Gael a great share in the making of the great State of California. It is impossible to overlook the Kelt here, as the Puritan has tried to do in other States. It gives me great delight to say that from the earliest date of American occupation and from the first moment that the stars and stripes fluttered to the breeze at Monterey, the Kelt was here to take his place among the forces that made this lovely land a part of the republic. No man can deny this. If he does, he will receive the chastisement which will be given to the sinner on the last day, "Go ye into everlasting fire."

It was my privilege some months ago to pay a visit to the old Parliament House of Ireland. I can never forget the first time I entered that great building. As a son of an Irishman, I naturally felt emotion when I recalled the fact that these halls had heard the splendid oratory of Grattan, Flood, Curran, Plunket and Bushe. The jingle of gold had supplanted the sound of eloquence. The money changer had desecrated the temple of Ireland's hopes and aspirations. While thus musing on the past I suddenly remembered that I was not in a temple but in a counting house, and my dream came to an end. The offi-

cial who waited upon me asked if I was impressed with the beauty of the structure. I replied: "To me it is not beautiful, and will not be until an Irish Parliament again occupies this building." "Why," he said, "that could be possible in one year, if the Irish could only agree." "Well," I said, "I think this will be brought about by Dr. Douglas Hyde and the Gaelic League." "Yes," he answered, "the only movement which has led captive the imagination of all Irishmen without regard to religion is this idea of the study of the Gaelic tongue. This favors neither Catholic nor Protestant, landlord or tenant. If it goes on, we will see an Irish Parliament in session here before very long."

What is the lesson to be drawn from the history of the Irish exile? It is this. No nation can afford to alienate any part of its own citizens or try to govern other peoples by forgetting its high moral duties. Right and duty are correlative. My rights end where the rights of my neighbor begin. So it is with nations.

In the past the history of Ireland has been written by Englishmen to conceal their treacherous methods and criminal conduct towards the Irish people. It has been a conspiracy against the truth. It has been an age of ingratitude towards Ireland—the civilizer of England. But I see in the dim vista of years to come a change of great magnitude. Then the right will have its day. Then the name of Ireland will be respected and revered. Then at last qualities that go to make generous, courageous, hospitable and intellectual men and women will be summed up in the virtues of the exiles of Erin.

JOHN McNAUGHT.

“The Press.”

This was no silly conversation, or lying invention, nor “a woman told me that a woman told her.”

Judge Coffey—To the Press credit is due for assistance rendered in spreading the tidings of the advent of our guest and publishing accounts of the nature of this movement.

A worthy representative of journalism, a ripe scholar and a pleasing speaker, as you shall presently discover, will now address you, John McNaught.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen—The hour is late; the speakers who have preceded me have given ample expression to our common sympathies with the aspirations of the Gaelic League and to that cordiality of feeling with which we welcome its distinguished leader, our guest of this evening. Those who are to follow me will add whatsoever may be needed to emphasize what has been said and by eloquent reiteration confirm our guest in his sense of our appreciation of his work, and make his assurance doubly sure.

Speaking for the Press, I have but two things to say. First: I wish to assure Dr. Hyde that the workers of the Press fully recognize not only the truth but the value of his statement that the success of the Gaelic League is dependent as much upon the fidelity of humble followers in the ranks as upon the genius of its leaders. It was a generous and graceful thing for him at this time to direct our thoughts to the absent and unknown workers for the cause, and we recognize the fitness as well as the modesty of the sentiment coming from his lips.

In the very nature of things the Press cannot record

the name of every member of the League, neither can it publish daily an account of the service rendered by those who do their work in the quiet by-ways of the world, unnoted and almost unknown; but, nevertheless, it recognizes that great movements take place only when great masses are moving, and that such success as has been achieved in the Gaelic Revival could have come only through the energies of a large number of ardent and devoted men and women, supporting with zeal and with loyalty the brilliant galaxy of poets, dramatists, professors and orators who are leading the van.

Where all are equally faithful and diligent, all deserve equal honor; and, while we cannot give that equality of honor by name in all cases, yet we can assure Dr. Hyde that when he returns to Ireland he can bear back with him the message that the honor, the sympathy and the welcome we have given to him go forth with an equal cordiality to every faithful worker in the cause.

The second thing I have to say is this: Of the two impulses which are distinctly marked in the movement for the revival of Gaelic, that which tends to re-establish the ancient language among the people of Ireland will naturally appeal most strongly to the Irish themselves, but that which tends to bring back to popular knowledge the old poesy of the Gaels affects a far wider circle and has a more general influence. Many a man may learn to speak Gaelic without caring at all about the legends and the poesy of a thousand years ago; and so, on the other hand, many will delight in the revival of the ancient literature who will never undertake to learn the ancient language. It is quite probable there will be a thousand who will thank Dr. Hyde for his translations into English of so

many of the old ballads for every one who will take his advice and learn to read them in the original.

The literature of Europe owes a deep debt to Keltic genius, since everything of chivalry that is known to modern sentiment has been derived from it. It was from the old bards of the Keltic races, and from the kings and warriors who marched to the sound of their harps, singing their songs of valor and love, that men learned the finest lessons of knighthood, and were taught to reverence womanhood in the person of queen or peasant girl with an equal loyalty and an equal honor.

There are other lessons, less great, perhaps, but not less fine and beautiful, to be learned at this late day by bringing back into our minds and our hearts the old inspirations of the Gael. The uncorrupted spirit of the primitive races that prompted men to fight fairly, to love worthily and to serve loyally, lives still in the sentiment of the old songs, and, if heeded well, will have a power to revive within us the same high instincts, for these are as native to the hearts of men to-day as they were in the hearts of the heroes of old. It was most joyous therefore to find coming out of the mists of Ireland this poesy with all the freshness of dewy dawns, the glow of strong sea breezes and the elemental sweetness and beauty of the wild rose and the shamrock bloom.

No man whose mind is at all responsive to the influences of poesy can read the songs of the ancient Gaels without sympathizing in the enthusiasm with which the Gaels of to-day rejoice in it, and feeling with them the glow of its magical inspiration. If one may understand the "Dark Rosaleen" of Clarence Mangan's poem to be a symbol of the Muse of Ireland, there will be a larger

host than that of the Gaelic League to share in the sentiment of the poem as well as to delight in the beauty of the music and the splendor of the words. We can all of us say as fervently as the poet himself:

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills;
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,

My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

Oh, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood;
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

BENJAMIN I. WHEELER.

“A People’s Heritage.”

This is what the labor of gentle Patrick saith;
This is what the clear and learned tones of poets and of saints
say;
This is what the courtesy of smooth-skinned fair women saith—
May our Irish language live in safety.

Judge Coffey—A people’s heritage in America is the public school system. Whatever criticism may be expended upon it, the common school is the base of our liberty, and the university is the apex. Universal education is our insistence, and it must precede everything else, and in its comprehensive grasp the language of the Gael must be comprised, and no one is better adapted to preserve that tongue in safety than the President of the University of California, Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen—A man who has made



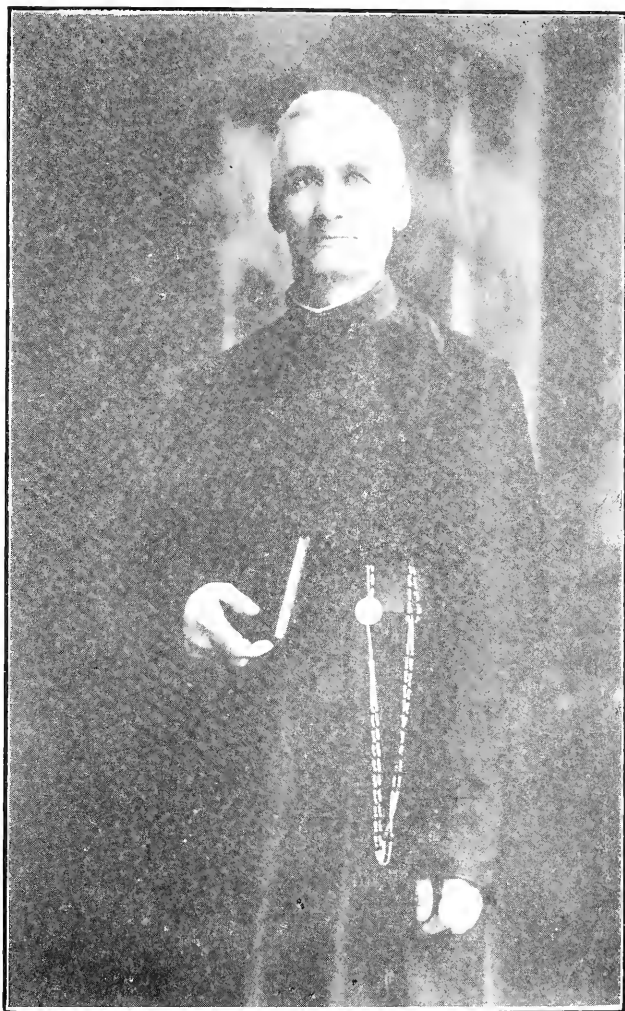
[DR. BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

such rapid advances in what he calls civilization as to be ashamed of his old mother's quaint dress, her homely manners and her old-fashioned grammar, is not a good man to tie to as a friend. The shame which has tempted him to disown the sources of his life and the line by which he came has poisoned the loyalties of his soul. Not every family has traditions of distinction, but the man who has failed to gather from reverence to parents or from memories of his forefathers some inspiration of family pride or tribal loyalty, even though it be only from humble deeds of sacrifice and love, has lost the warrant of life's firmest anchorage and tenderest benediction. Well may a man with widening experience and broader grasp of the meaning of things write into larger forms the religious faith of his mother and father, but he who scorns and forsakes it has put to sea without a rudder; he has taken the crystal vessel of his fate into his own bare hands and gone out with it into the mountains and the dark. Among the Chinamen give me an old original who has kept his queue and felt shoes, rather than the nondescript half-John half-Jonathan who may have forgotten his ancestors, but not fan-tan, and learned the ways of trusts, but not trust in the Lord—graft, but not grace.

The life of an individual or of a people rises to its full moral dignity only in the consciousness of deep historic roots and in the recognition of a heritage that constitutes a trust. We are an American nation by our joint inheritance of great deeds, great names, great sacrifices; by our common faith in the ideals of its founders, by our common response to the messages of its poets and its prophets, by common share in the fame of its heroes, by common responsibility for transmission of our heritage unimpaired

to our children. Ideals, traditions, sentiments, make a people and a nation more than do boundaries of land, poets more than law-givers, the sympathy of speech more than the edicts of councils.

Little Greece, submerged beneath the flood of Islam, re-emerged by the vital force of sentiment and speech grounded in ancient and noble tradition; and land-lack Israel has through the centuries maintained itself a people and a nation without boundaries, fleets or kings, by holding to its ancient books and hearkening to the councils of Jehovah. Kingdoms and dynasties rise and vanish away, but a people's heritage lodged in the higher good may yet abide, beyond the reach of this corrupting moth and rust of politics and power. So it is with the Irish heritage, and how great and manifold a one it is! An ancient literature and a modern teeming in scholarship and grace, both finely responsive to the peculiar mood and pathos of the Irish people; records of a golden age when the lamp of learning shone out from the house of Ireland upon the darkness of Europe; stories of matchless bravery on many fields; echoes of eloquence unsurpassed; the voices of bards singing sweetly; a gleam of humor rising triumphant above the cross-purposes of the Universe; a warmth of human attachment defying the shuffles of fortune; finally the sign and symbol of it all—one and the same historic whole, whether it buries its roots deep into the unwritten past to claim its kinship with the Latin, Greek or Sanskrit, or falls from the lips of the Irish mother crooning over her babe in the cottage; these all, and with them many a cry of anguish from the hillsides—these are your nation's sacred treasures richer than the hoards of Persepolis; these, sons of Erin, are your people's heritage, and no



VERY REV. JOHN P. FRIEDEN, S. J.

bailiff's warrant, nor lordly fleet, nor lord lieutenant, can take them from you.

REV. JOHN P. FRIEDEN, S. J.

“Gaelic in the Schools of Ireland.”

From the golden plover of the mountains I heard tidings that the Gael should be set up on high; the people of the English language, under a fog and under shame forever, but happiness and satisfaction upon our friends.

Judge Coffey—The oldest educational establishment on this Coast, with one exception, is St. Ignatius' College. It has just celebrated its golden jubilee, and in its roll of pupils are enumerated many of the leading citizens of California. At the head of this great institution we have one of the most learned educators on this sphere, a profound scholar and philosopher, whose sympathies are without bounds, whose charity is that described by the apostle, a sincere friend of the Gaelic cause, the Very Rev. J. P. Frieden, S. J.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Grace, Dr. Hyde and Gentlemen—There would seem to be a deeper philosophy in the Gaelic linguistic movement than appears at first sight to the casual observer.

A French thinker declares the mind to be “the architect of its own dwelling.” Very true. But mind is something more. Mind is an ever-active principle which illumines with a light that radiates from man's entire being. In every problem of human advancement mind is the potent factor par excellence; true human progress must work itself out through the gradual evolution of ideas. Man's betterment, therefore, in the natural order, must originate, not in camps nor legislative halls nor political

assemblies, but rather in that workshop of ideas—the school.

The Irish just now are investing their schoolmaster with the prerogatives of a lay messiahship. In every county of Ireland's four provinces the universal slogan is, "Educate." But why that education, whose ultimate scope in this case is avowedly Ireland's uplifting, why that education—I say—has to be received, as much as may be, in the people's idiom, needs to be closely studied.

The staying-power of a nationality, its tenacious hold upon an expiring life, may perhaps be accounted for by its Divine appointment. God made peoples distinct and diverse. In Holy Writ (Deuteronomy, xxxii) we learn how "the Most High divided the nation"; not, however, by geographical boundaries merely—as by the waters of a sea or a mountain range—but by intellectual leanings, by moral aptitudes and aesthetic instincts—in a word, by racial differences utterly irreconcilable. These differences are no where deeper than in language; and so the language of a country affords a vast insight into the intimate workings of its national existence. Indeed, races differ as do the tongues they speak. Wherever civilization has found peoples, it has found them speaking in dialects characteristically different; every considerable human group has even now its peculiar speech—it has a vehicle for thought distinctively and exclusively its own. We cannot, therefore, without incongruity, disassociate the idea of a people from that of its vernacular—they are two things rebellious to any kind of cleavage.

Now, what conclusion do we draw from these reflections? We draw this conclusion, that, according to the Creator's plan, the language of a country is inseparable

from the very essence of its fully developed nationhood. As the national idiom is part and parcel of the equipment destined to fit a people for its Providential mission, its intellectual development in a tongue alien to its own must, in the very nature of things, be halting and stunted in its results. To give up or to lose one's mother tongue on one's native soil is to give up or to lose the Heaven-bestowed gift of membership in the family of mankind's peoples.

In very truth, the movements in the past that had for their object Ireland's uplifting have all but collapsed—those movements have invariably ignored or overlooked the tongue of the Gael. Had all that energy been utilized in the school—had it been devoted to the rational Gaelic training of Irish boys and girls, the passenger ship from Queenstown would not be so heavily laden with that wealth whose loss depletes and drains Ireland's sole remaining treasure—men.

Some maintain that the Irish exodus was a matter of economics. There is truth in this—but not the whole truth. One great reason, which has endured till recent years, lies deeper. The Irishman has been robbed of his language, and, logically, he came almost to feel that he had no country of his own; so he left the land which a foreign tongue had made strange to him.

Some years ago a piccolo player, seemingly picked up on the street somewhere, took his stand among the accomplished musicians of an Eastern orchestra. From the very outset it was almost ludicrous to see how among his brilliant companions the newcomer riveted the eyes of the vast audience on himself, simply by whistling through his insignificant pipe some bars of an aria. In his hands the

helpless tube sang in tones almost human! Now, suppose you seat this man at a splendid organ, with its multiplied banks of keys, its pedal board, swells and formidable array of stops on either side. Out of that superb instrument not a single musical idea can the piccolo player elicit. Why? Because it is not his! If you would have the outpourings of his soul—of a soul vibrant with emotional harmony and passionate feeling—you must give him a fitting medium through which to voice his song. Not your majestic organ, with its mechanism of infinite detail and its thousands of pipes—thousands for the piccolo player are thousands too many; he needs only one, his own! So it is with peoples. So it is with the Irish. The cry of their national aspirations and patriotic hopes, their dirge of sorrow and their hymns of exultation, may be voiced in no other tongue than that in which Heaven decreed they should rejoice or mourn; their language is a God-given, sacred thing—a thing almost sacramental.

Ireland owes much to the Gaelic League; Ireland owes much to the man who persistently rang out the alarm-cry, following it always with the clarion-call to organization and activity. What we want in our time is men who are the personification of an uplifting idea. Under the guidance of Dr. Douglas Hyde, Ireland has at length marshaled her forces under the chieftainship of that incomparable strategist, the schoolmaster; and already their serried phalanx moves hopefully onward towards a victory to be achieved in a new kind of contest, with weapons invincible when courageously wielded on the sacred battleground of the school.

MICHAEL O'MAHONY.

In the high language that was used by bard and sage, I greet you with 9,000 welcomes, both great and small, both young and old, both man and woman, and child.

Judge Coffey—We shall now hear from a gentleman a discourse to which, I trust, you will give close attention.

It will exhibit to you the force and elegance of the Irish language, which, though you may not all understand the terms, you will readily appreciate the earnestness and sincerity of the speaker, Michael O'Mahony.

Δ **Παρθενία:** ἵρ λε φοννορμ ὁ' εἰρήσιν
 ἐμὴν ὁ ἐὼλα ὁ ἐὼμίλιοναθ. Δ ὁτορὰθ
 μο ἐμνίτε: ἀτὰ μίαν ὀρμ μο βυῖθεαέαρ
 μο ἐάθαιρτ leo ῥο ἐὺς κυρεαθ ὅμ ἐμὴν
 na ῥέιρε ῥο, ἀγυρ ὁ ἐαῖρ ὅμ ῥάιτε ὁ
 ἐπρ α ἡζαοῦλαῖς ῥοῖν τοῦ Οἰρθεαῖρτ ἀν
 τῤαέθονα, τεαέθαιρτ na ἡ-εἰρεανν ἐμὴν
 α ἐλιννεαθ ἐαῖρτ. ἀν ἡραιοῖβιν ἀοῖβιν.

ἵρ μὴρ ἀν ὀνὴρ ὁ ἀον ὅμνε ἐαθ
 λαθῤεα ὁ' ῥάγαιρτ leiρ ἀν ὀμννε ὡαῖρ
 ῥο α λάεαιρ na κυρεαέθον ἐέμνεαῖρτ ῥο.

Δ ὅμβγλαρ ὁε ἡνὲ! Δ ἐεαννυρὰθ
 na ἡ-εἰρεανναθ, ἀγυρ ἐὺτεαα na ἡζαοῦ-
 αἷλζε:—

Αἵρ ῥον na ἡζαοῦαλ ἀτὰ 'na ἡζοῖννυῖθε
 αἵρ ἀν ἐρῤοῖρ ῥο α ἡ-ιαῖρτ ἀρ μὴρ-εἵρε,
 ἀγυρ ῥο μὴρῤῥορ αἵρ α ῥον ῥο ἀτὰ ἀνν α
 ἡζοῖννυῖθε ἀνν ἀν ἡζαῖρτ ῥο (ἡζοῖν
 ἐαῖρτ ἀν ἀγέιν ἡῖν) ἀγυρ αἵρ ῥον na
 κυρεαέθον ὡαῖρτ ῥο, ὁ ἐαῖρτ-λάρ ὁ
 ἐρῤοῖθε κυρῤῥμ "ῥοῖρ-εαοῖν ῥάιτε" ῥό-
 ῃατ ῥο ἐαῖρτῤῥῤα (εἵρ na ἡ-ὄς, ἀῖ ὅρ,
 ἡγυρ na ἡῖρνε) ἀγυρ ῥο ἐαῖρτ ἡαοῖν
 ῥοῖνῤῥαῖρ.

Ὁ κυρεαθ ἀνν ἰὺ ὅμννε ῥο ῥαθαιρ λε
 ἐαῖρτ ὁ ἐαθαιρτ ὀρραινν, ῥο ὡῖ ῥο,
 βυθ ῥα ἡνν ῥατ λά ἐαῖρ α ἐέιτε.

Αἵοῖρ, ῥο βῤῥαῖρ ἀνν ἀρ μεαῖρ. ἀγυρ
 ῥο ῥέιρῤῥ ἡνν ἀρ ῥάιτε leiρεανν ὀρτ,
 ἵρ μὴρ ἀν ἐ-εαῖρτ ἐρῤοῖθε ἀγυρ ἀν ῥάῤῥα

αἷσνε ἀτὰ ὀρραινν.

ἡῖθ naθ ῥαῖθ ῥέ τῤεα ῥο ὡῖ ῥο, ἀτὰ
 ὁ βεαῖν ὅμννε αἷνε ὁ βεῖτ ἀγαινν ὀρτ
 ἀνν ἀν ἡζοῖνν, ῥόρ, α ἡαοῖ ὀρῤῥοῖρ, na
 μεαῖρ ῥοῖς ἐρῤοῖθ ἐμ 'ἡ-ἀρ μεαῖρ, ὡαῖρ
 ἡ ῥεαθ. ἵρ ῥέιρῤῥ λε μὴρῤῥ ὅμννε ὁ
 ῥάθ ῥοῖ ἡαῖν ἐμ ἀνν ἀρ μεαῖρ, ὡαῖρ
 ἡαῖν αἵρ ὁ 'οἰρθεαέθῖν ἐῖρ-ῥῤῥαῖρ.
 ὡαῖρ ὡαθαιρτ μῤῥῤῥ ἡ ἡ-εἰρτῤε λε
 ἡἡεαθ na 'ῥῤῥῤε ῥαθ.

Ατὰ ῥοῖρ ἀγ κυρ ὡαῖρ ὡαῖρ ὅμννε αἵρ ἐμὴν
 ὡεθ ἐρῤῥῤῖθ, ἀγυρ ἡῖννεοῖρτ ἀτὰ ῥοῖρ
 ἀγαινν αἵρ ὁ' ῥῤῥῤεαθ, αἵρ ὁ' ἡβῤῥῤ-
 εαθ, ὁ βῤῥῤῥῤῥῤεαθ, ὁ ῥῤῥῤῥῤ-
 εαθ ἀγυρ ὁ ῥῤῥῤῥῤῥῤεαθ.

Ὁμῤῥῤ ἡονναθ ἐῖρεαῖρ ὡαῖρ ῥῤ α ἡνν
 ὁ ἐπρ αἵρ ἀν ῥοῖα ῥαθ ῥαν αἵρ α βῤῥαῖρ
 ῥῤῥῤῥῤ ἡννεαῖρ na ἡ ὀῖαῖρ ἡ-ἀρ-
 ἐῖνῤῥ, ὡαῖρ ῥῤῥῤ, ὡαῖν ῥῤῥῤῤ
 ῤεανῤῤ, ἐῖρεαῖρτ ἀγυρ μὴρῤῥ εἷτε, ὁ
 ἐμῤ ὁ' ἡῖρ ῥάιτ ἀν ῥῤῥῤ ὡαῖρ, "Ὁἡ-
 εἷν na ἡαοῖ, 'ῥ na ἡ-ὀῖαῖρ, ἀνν na ἡα-
 ἐῖθ ἀτὰ α βῤῥῤ ἡνῤῥῤ. ὡα βῤῥῤ ῥῤ ἵρ
 μὴρ ἀρ ἡβῤῥῤ ἀρτ ἀγυρ ἀρ μεαῖρ ὀρτ.

Ατὰ ὀρ ῥῤῥῤ ῥο ῥο ῥῤῥ, ἀτὰ ῥοῖρ ἀγαινν
 αἵρ ἀν ὀθαῖρ ῥῤ, ἀτὰῖρ ὡα ὅεανῤ ἵ
 ἡ-εἰρῤῥ, α ἡ-αοναθ leiρ ἀν ἡβῤῥῤῤ
 ὡαῖρῤ ῥῤ, na ῥῤ ἀγυρ na ἡνῤ ῥῤῥῤῤ-
 αῖρ, ῥῤῥῤῤῤῤῤῤῤῤ ῥαν α βῤῥῤῤῤ-
 ῤε ὀννῤῤ na ἡαοῖαἷλζε. ἵρ ὡαῖρ ἡαῖν
 αἵρ ἀν ὀθαῖρ ῥο ἀτὰ ἀρ μεαῖρ ἀγυρ ἀρ

ngeann ope-ra ear bárr.

Ann ár meaf-ne, i' páorais eile éu atá ag cpaob-rgaoileas roirgél naomha aitebeodait na gaothailge, cum págánaeas na gailleas na oibire ar an oéir, agus an oalllaigeantaeas a baineas léite, atá anoir ag oitearpeúgao opearpeas na noaoineas, na oibire le. le fúil go bfillirio arir air loig a rinneirio, agus go mbeir fíora-gaothae mar buó earpe oib. ionas, reunnhar, ag brait oirpea féin-aháin, agus faoi meaf ag an gaothail mór. A saoi ionnshuin, i' é mo éuairim go gcuiririo fé átar ope na élor, go bfuil ceitpe cpaobas na éonnapas na gaothailge air bun anhr an gcaéar go anoir.

Tri bliadana air fiteio o join cuirpeas reoil gaothailge air bun ann go. atá aon fear aháin oib go buain leir an reoil rin, nar éur an tppaeas o' a éruim o'n lá ran go oí go i' é rin Oiaruairio ruair, eúin, ruamae na éúirig.

Mairio leir an gcuirio eile éinn. atá fór beo, na buain léite, éógamair ar ruairmeaf anoir i' arir, áet nior éréig-eamair an obair air fas air aon éor.

Uime go atá ag fúgluim na gaothailge le ceasair na éúig na bliadantais, atá fir agus inná óga, agus páirioe ruas anhr an gcaéar, agus an éuro eile, an éuro i' mó, ó gao áirio o' éirinn.

atá an réir oearguighe beagán ann go a saoi, agus o'a bpiú rin atá fúil agoinn le mórán earpe ó o' éuair. i' minic na ruair mórpuio oib go atá anoir ag buain na rál na éúle ag me éiméioll ope-ra, gneas ceangan mar géall air a bfaillige, uae go atá a mbun na h-oibre ann go. go oí go na feupairio iao go na éarpanag le reirpeas fé gcaepall go éionól gaothailge. áet ní bideann fé na oéir-eanae go na o' éuine caras air bóear a leara, agus i' mar anoir féin é. air fílle air air éur go h-éirinn na mág min nglar, breunhar, agus na gneah nglar, mbinn-élorae, impirio ope leo toil a saoi, na na leo go atá 'ran mbaile, go bfuil na oéorae agus mórán o'a gclann atá 'na gclannuie air an oéorain go na iarear an oéain, éo éil o' éirinn agus na mbeirio fór ameaf a gclann.

Beir leat éúca ár mbeannaas i' ngeann a mbeiréir Donnéar míc-éonmar.

Beir beannaas óm' éúioe go éir na h-éir eann,

Ban-énuic éirpean óg!

Cum a mairpean na fíolpas i' ar éirir. air Ban-énuic éirpean óg,

An áir na 'nar b' aoibina binn-éúé é an, mar fám-éruie éonag caoineas gaothail; 'sé mo éar a beir míle míle i' gclann.

O Ban-énuic éirpean óg.

REV. F. W. CLAMPETT, D. D.

My hand to thee, stoutest brother, in a tight, warm squeeze, as is fitting, and give me thy hand also. They have been separated long enough.

Judge Coffey—

Behold, how blessed it is to see
Brethren dwelling together in unity.

Such a spectacle we have here this evening, when elements hitherto apart have come together in fraternal spirit.

In the language of the toast, we have been separated long enough. It is time we clasped hands in the common cause of nationality, the Rev. Dr. Clampett.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

I am proud that I am one of the few in California who can lay claim to be a fellow-graduate of Dr. Hyde. I fully endorse his principles, and I see in this Gaelic League a common platform on which all creeds and classes can unite. Irishmen in an Irish struggle must learn to put their Irishism to the front and strive with a single eye for true Irish nationality. The time has come when Ireland must take her place among the nations of the earth, and I am ready to stand by any movement that, like the Gaelic League, is devoted to an Irish Ireland.

REV. P. C. YORKE.

“Ireland a Nation.”

Irish rule in Ireland! That is the word that, to our minds, is sweet, a word in which there is sharp efficacy, a powerful word, a melodious word.

Judge Coffey—

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood
Three hundred men and Three men;
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again.

No one has done more in this country to develop the sublime spirit of this prayer than the respondent to the next toast.

Years ago, when bigotry and intolerance and religious and race rancor were rampant in this community, and the staid and conservative elements were supine and timid in the face of the aggressions upon their constitutional rights, there came out into the open field a man of rare courage and capacity, and by the power of eloquence and learning, with tongue and pen, and personal prowess, destroyed the brood of vipers.

He was an early advocate of the Gaelic cause, and has been from its institution the President of the State League.

I am extremely proud to have the privilege of presenting this gallant champion of the Celtic race, Father Yorke.

Mr. Chairman—It should not be hard to speak to the toast of “Ireland a Nation” in the presence and under

the inspiration of such a nation builder as Dr. Douglas Hyde. Our honored guest is one of those, is the chief of those, who in Ireland to-day are laying again the foundations of Irish nationality broad and deep. He is the master builder in God's own work of raising the walls that the enemy had thrown down, and we are here to-night proud to be called co-workers with him in the noblest enterprise for the benefit of humanity since the three hundred saved the west for freedom at Thermopylae or the fathers of Revolution preserved the Greater West for a nobler liberty that day at Philadelphia, when they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, that America might be a free country and a haven for the oppressed of every clime.

There have been many movements for the restoration of Irish nationality within our own memory and within the memory of our fathers. It would not be proper to belittle the real achievements of the men who suffered and died in years past that Ireland might prosper. No matter how opinions alter and circumstances change, we must never forget to lay our tribute at the feet of those who wished Ireland well. You will find that every movement, whether its ending was glorious or inglorious, gave the Irish people a new vantage point and new foothold from which to climb higher. Who can measure the effects of the great agitation known as the Land War? It is transferring the property of Ireland from the landlords to the tenant. It is rooting the Irish people in the Irish soil, and as it was the great work of O'Connell to give Ireland a measure of religious freedom, so that she is now able to strive for complete religious equality, so it was the great work of Parnell to give Ireland a measure of eco-

monic freedom, so that now she is able to labor for complete economic control of her own resources.

But neither religious liberty, nor economic independence, nor even political freedom, can create a nation. A nation is something higher, deeper, broader. Our eloquent guest has shown you, and the splendid speeches made here to-night by clerics and laymen, by Catholics and Protestants, by Celts and non-Celts, all prove that you accept his reasoning—Dr. Hyde, I say, has shown you that it is possible for nationality to decay and die, even while all these attributes of nationality are being acquired. Nationality is to the masses what personality is to the individual. Nationality is the sum of the proper, own, peculiar characteristics that make a people. It is expressed and expressible only in one word, and that word when used along means the national language. If I wish to speak of the art of France, or the science of Germany, I speak of French art or of German science, but when I wish to speak of the language of France or the language of Germany, I say simply French or German, because it is the truth and the unconscious testimony of common usage bears witness to it that language is nationality.

It is this fact that makes Dr. Hyde's work so significant and so successful. He himself has acknowledged that when he began the attempt to restore the Irish language he did not know the meaning of his act. Like all great men, he was building better than he knew. But when he saw that under the influence of the language revival self-respect came back and self-reliance returned, and the courage of the Gael began to lift its drooping head, when he saw the literary instincts of the people begin to break into leaf and blossom, like a bare tree



REV. PETER C. YORKE, S. T. D.

touched with the hand of spring, when he saw enterprises appear and industry and a subtle spirit of hope and independence run through the whole country, he recognized that he had found the charm that would wake the sleeping princess, and as in the beginning it was the Word of God that gave existence and form to God's creation, so in man's affairs it is the human word that creates and fashions that highest result of human endeavor, a free and independent nation.

This is the key to the riddle of Irish history for the past hundred years. Why was it, in spite of the splendid devotion of the people, and the genius of its leaders, and the remarkable progress made in religious and civil liberty, that Ireland was bleeding to death; that her population was disappearing; that all the notes of her nationality were being wiped out; that she was sinking to the level of an English shire? You know it now. The tide of her language was running out. And when the tide is running out all the winds of the heaven and all the fury of the sea cannot prevail. Stand by the shore as the ocean is retiring into his abyssmal caves, and, though the tempest may roar and mountain waves may hurl themselves against the coast, and the thunder of their impact may shake the earth, yet, if the tide is going out, they can prevail nothing. They, too, must retire with the tide. But if the tide is coming in—let there be no ripple on the waters, let the breeze swoon into a summer calm, let the ocean bosom cease from its long palpitation, let there be no sound in the air, nor stir in the sea, and yet, behold, inch by inch it creeps upon the land, absorbing the little pools, covering the unsightly places, racing over the thirsty sands and soon, noiselessly, irresistibly, it comes

into possession of its own. So it is with the Irish language. It is the ocean tide of nationality, and Dr. Hyde is here to-night as a sign and a proof that not only has the ebb ended, not only has the tide turned, but that, strong with the strength of all elemental things, the flowing tide of Irish nationality is with the Irish people.

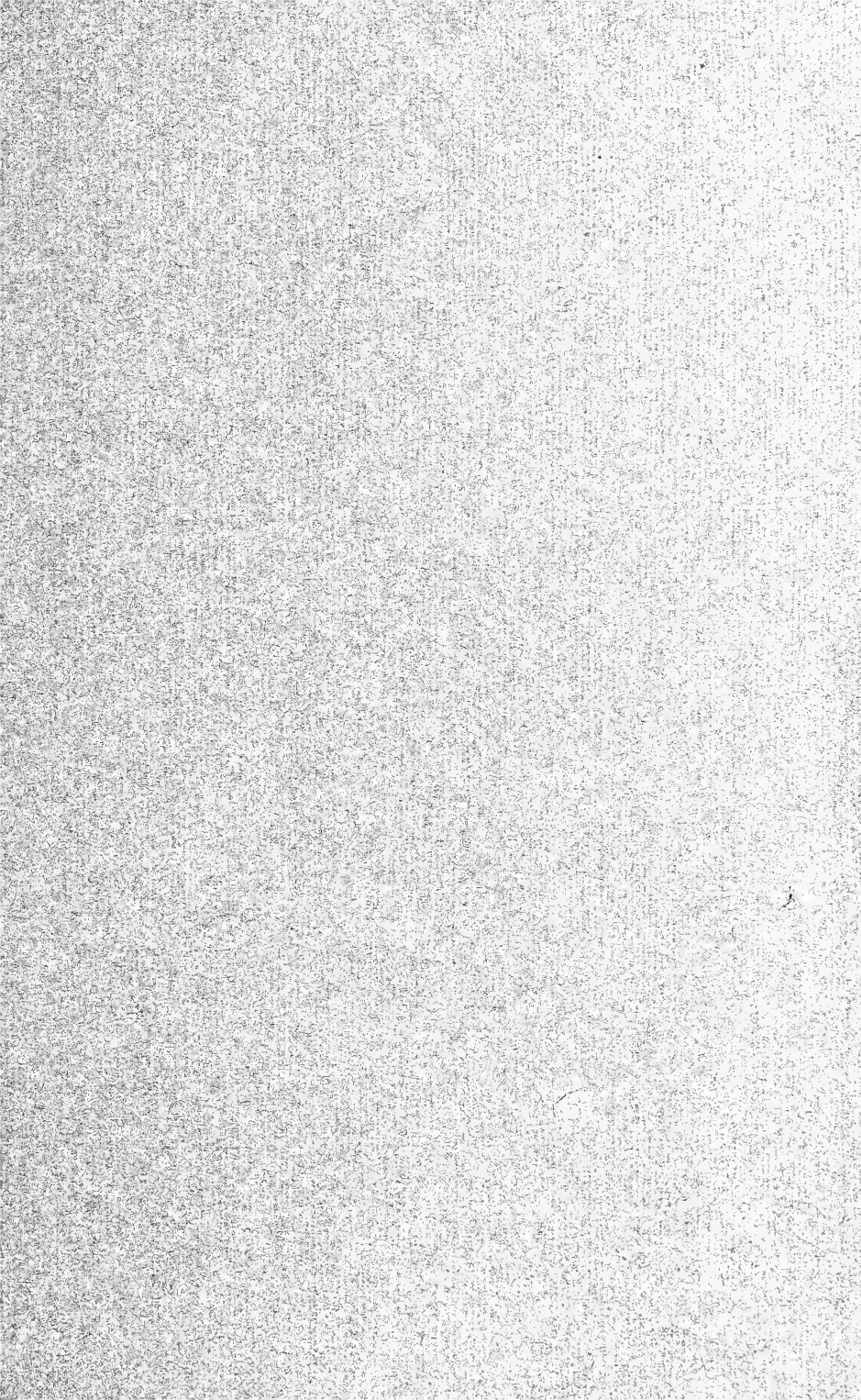
It is not necessary to go to Ireland to prove that this is a great national movement. It is the characteristic of all sane and sound nations that when a national enterprise demands aid, all the elements of the nation lay aside their differences and rally to the nation's aid. If to-morrow our flag, the Stars and Stripes, was in danger, every American, no matter what his origin, English or Irish, French or German, no matter what his religion, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, no matter what his politics, Democrat or Republican, no matter what his condition, rich or poor, gentle or simple, employer or employee, all would forget the things that separate them and would stand shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee in the common brotherhood of American nationality to defend the flag, the symbol of nationality, with the last drop of their blood. So, in this movement of the Gaelic League, we behold here to-night—or we would behold, if the electricity in its astonishment at the unwonted scene had not gone out of business—we behold men whom you could not bring together on anything short of a national necessity meeting in this banquet room to honor Dr. Hyde. Dr. Hyde, you who know nothing about our domestic affairs, you cannot realize the lines of cleavage that run so deep and branch out in so many ways among the people in this hall, differing in religion, in politics, in ambitions, in personal likes and dislikes, in blood, in position—differences

innate and ineradicable—I say, sir, you cannot realize the extent of the tribute paid you and your cause by the fact that all these differences were laid aside, and we all have come to give you a cheering word and a helping hand in the great enterprise of making Ireland a nation once again.

It is about that helping hand, gentlemen, I would say a closing word to you. Dr. Hyde has come here for two purposes, to gain the good-will of America for his cause, and to collect a certain amount of money for educational work. Let me say that the rebuilding of Irish nationality is a work of education, and only by education can it be accomplished. If Ireland were politically independent to-morrow, she would have to educate her children into Irish nationality. Let us begin that work right now, so that when the time comes we may be ready. That is the motto of the Gaelic League, “Educate, Educate, Educate.” It is the motto that has made America, “Educate, Educate, Educate.” Let us, therefore, be generous in this great work and give according to the splendid examples that have been set us. One day’s wages will hurt none of us, and one day’s wages from the friends of Ireland in California would give this Gaelic League cause an impetus that would make its success assured.

And as I look round on this magnificent gathering of Californians my heart swells with confidence that they in Ireland shall know no cause not to be satisfied with you. You who are of Irish birth or blood, and you who are here simply because of your love of liberty, and your sympathy for an ancient and noble nation, lift up your hearts, for the dawn is nigh and now is Ireland’s redemption at hand. They tell us in the legends of our early

history how the sons of Milesius sailed in their strong galleys from the land of Spain for the isle of destiny—the home the prophet had foretold should be theirs after long wanderings. As in the misty morning they approached its shores the sun god burst from the Eastern sea and tipped its hills with gold and the great forests with which the land was then clothed waved their lofty arms in welcome. Let me say to you that the ships of the Milesians are coming back. Long have they been banished, doomed to plough the waves and to sow in the furrows of the barren sea. But they are coming back. From the seaward hills of holy Ireland we can see them sail out of the darkness into the light of the newborn day, and from those hills goes up a cry in a tongue long unheard in palaces, or courts, or the marts of men, a cry not of sorrow, but of joy and of triumph that the children of Mildh are come once more into their own, and that Ireland is a nation once again.







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